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# FORTNIGHT'S RAMBLE

TO  
THE LAKES  
IN  
WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE,  
AND  
CUMBERLAND.

---

BY A RAMBLER.

---

HEAVENS! what a goodly prospect spreads around  
Of Hills, and Dales, and Woods, and Lawns —

— — — — —  
Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS  
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad  
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

THOMSON.

---

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1792.





## REFERENCE.

<i>Fell,</i>	a barren mountain.
<i>Crag,</i>	a rough-topped hill.
<i>Syke,</i>	a rivulet, or a rent in a mountain.
<i>Gill,</i>	a small waterfall.
<i>Tarn,</i>	a small lake.

---

### *An Explanation of some of the provincial Words.*

an,	—	have.
aw,	—	all.
bu,	—	but.
con,	—	can.
cum,	—	come.
deed,	—	died.
dun-naw,	—	do not.
faither,	—	father.
feact,	—	fact.
fealt no pean,		felt no pain.
fellar,	—	fellow.
gien um feck,		given them such.
lard,	—	lord.
neames,	—	names.
tha mun,	—	thou must.
th' cradle,	—	the cradle.
thinken umselfes,		think themselves.
t' kno,	—	to know.
um,	—	them.
wad,	—	would.
yon mon,	—	yonder man.

N. B. As the Author has no Vocabulary to go by, he judges from the ear.

REMARKS

At 10:00 AM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 11:00 AM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 12:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 1:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 2:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 3:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 4:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 5:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 6:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 7:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 8:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

At 9:00 PM the ship was  
under way and proceeded  
on a course of 100 degrees  
true, with a speed of 10  
knots. The weather was  
fair, with a light breeze  
from the north.

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## PREFACE.

---

TO guard against the severity of criticism, which I must expect, or the too partial praise of some of my friends that I might not deserve, (either of which would be unwelcome) I conceal myself under the signature of A RAMBLER.

This excursion was at the request of a friend, and I was so pleased with every thing I saw, I hope  
there



there are some few who will not be displeased with my manner of telling it; whatever I have written came warm from the imagination, with the views full before it. I have always been an admirer of the works of Nature, and I never saw them in such liberal features before: I have no fine houses, no fine paintings, no compliments to great people, to swell out my book with — *my portraits* are cottagers, my *pictures* what Nature has lavished around them — when I do praise a rich man, it shall never be on account of his wealth, but for those unremitting acts of philanthropy, those only deserving of esteem, that  
shower

shower down in charity wherever it is wanted.

The inhabitants are as peaceful as their vallies, and seem to have no inclination to leave them: they even talk of their forefathers, and carry an oral account for several generations of any one who has been out of the common way. One man told us, “ My faither, gran-  
 “ faither, an grait granfaither,  
 “ feared yon lake, an I wad naw  
 “ leave this pleace *for aw th’*  
 “ *world.*” — This valley had no more than fourteen houses, and is so entombed in mountains, that only one chaise has been known to

visit it. — Happy man ! well dost thou prove that Nature impresses the strongest attachments where she is undisturbed, and that every thing around them grows in their minds, and becomes a necessary part of them. — Prithee, Mortal ! dost not thou think this simple villager has given (in a few words) as practical a proof of contentment as volumes could contain ?

I feel that I have been too diffuse in description — I much wished to correct it — and have taken out more than I have added ; but not finding myself equal to the task of self-criticism, most of my alterations

tions became so formal, I was obliged to desist — the weeds and the flowers (if there are any) grow together, and they are before you in their first, unfinished dress.

Those who make the tour of the Lakes, and will examine any of the views I attempt to describe, if they see them from the points I did, and in the last week in July and the first in August, making allowances for the *fancies* of Nature, or the pruning hand of man, may, perhaps, give me the credit of delineating faithfully ; and they will be well repaid against any of my omissions, by finding out new beauties of their



own : and I trust those who do not visit them, by taking the trouble of perusing this Ramble, will have some enlivening scenes and useful characters presented to them.

We were exactly one fortnight with constant fine weather, during which we walked upwards of two hundred and forty miles, besides boat and chaise conveyance ; and what with admiring the wonders around us, writing them down, or storing them in my memory for an early morning's pen, I can truly say I enjoyed a noble hurry of imagination, and that I had not time to be idle.

The

The friend I accompanied was my guide; he had been at the Lakes before: his taste led him thither again, and I have to express myself singularly obliged for many features he pointed out which my mind had not taken in. He had “Mr. WEST’s Guide to the Lakes,” but did not make use of it. Mr. WEST, I understand, was a scholar of a warm fancy; he had studied their beauties minutely, and, from living near them, took time to be correct. I believe that gentleman has brought much company, and will always be recollected (for he is now no more!) as their best patron: I would with pleasure have read his  
 book,

book, if I had not been apprehensive it might have suppressed this, which does not merit the name of a Guide, and is only offered as a Journeying Companion. It was customary, I am told, to dash by them with an exclamation or two of "Oh! how fine," &c.; or, as a gentleman said to Robin Partridge the day after we were upon Windermere, "Good God! how delightful!—how charming!—I could live here for ever!—Row on, row on, row on, row on;" and after passing one hour of exclamations upon the Lake, and half an hour at Ambleside, he ordered his horses into his phaeton, and flew off  
to

to take (I doubt not) an equally *flying* view of Derwentwater. Robin Partridge, when he told us of it, asked us if we thought “the gentleman was as *composed* as he “fud be?”

It is now so meritoriously the fashion to make this tour, I dare almost say it will be thought want of taste not to be able to speak about it; for it only wants to be made, to have the preference of every summer excursion in the kingdom. Had these beauties been formed in a foreign land, they would have been long ago more known; but since a once-boasted, though now  
unfor-



unfortunate, part of the Continent is become a scene of horror and devastation, they may be thought worthy attention. — I was telling a Grand Tourist where I had been, and he dashed off to Switzerland. We have no reason to depreciate other countries in commending our own; but Nature has sported in such variety AT HOME, no views can exceed them in that delightful miniature which the eye takes in, without being either *glutted* by expanse, or DISGUSTED by deformity.

The shortness of our Ramble did not allow us to visit every Lake;  
and

and I regret what I have said of Bassenthwaite, Conistone, and Hawswater, is so unequal to what they merit—we only saw them in perspective.—Ambleside or Low Wood are the best situated for headquarters the first week, and Keswick for the remainder of the tour: Keswick is the little London of the towns about the Lakes, and we observed, as in all large places, the expence is greater.

Reader! when thou confidest the labourious mountains we traversed, and that the whole of this book, except the preface and chaptering out, took up but one fortnight,

night, thou mayst make some allowance for the many defects; for, like the author, it is too incorrect to be formal—but it is for the Public, and I have no right to judge either it or myself.

A RAMBLER.

LONDON,

AUGUST 20th, 1792.

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A Fortnight's

1845

6-10-1978 A

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A

## Fortnight's Ramble.

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### CHAP. I.

*A slight Touch of a Margate Hoy, not to be read before Breakfast, except you have been in a Gale of Wind at Sea.*

I WAS sitting very comfortably in Garner's gallery at Margate, and had forgot I had taken my passage in the Hoy, until I saw it warping out. I made the best use of my legs, took a boat, and was just in time to be the last to complete a full cargo of live stock; we were in hopes of a tolerable good passage, but were most *rol-lingly* becalmed off the Reculvers; there were many vessels in sight, and one man

B

said——



said——“ There is some comfort in seeing  
 “ others in the same situation with our-  
 “ selves.”——“ You are a d—d fool for  
 “ your pains, (said a rough cit) a calm is  
 “ a stagnation in trade, it can do no good,  
 “ but a foul wind to some is a fair one to  
 “ others.”——“ That’s all fair, master,”  
 said the man at the helm.

It was hot upon deck, but it was an  
 oven below, and I observed most of us  
*amused* ourselves by *complaining* of want of  
 wind, &c. A very quizzish looking man  
 threw himself into a knowing attitude, and  
 was apparently making remarks very ear-  
 nestly through the spy glass without per-  
 ceiving the bottom case was on it.—“ Pray,  
 “ Sir,” says a wag, “ is that a ship or a  
 “ brig you are looking at ?”——“ The peo-  
 “ ple walk about so, *can’t* touch it.”—He  
 did not seem to enjoy the mistake, but he  
 did

did not “*touch*” the glass again during the trip.

After rolling about some time whistling for a wind, as ostlers do to their horses when drinking, a breeze sprung up, and sickness, which had already whitewashed several faces, began to stir about. I first observed it in a young lady, who might have belonged to the family of the “*T——’s*,” by the stiff fineries she had about her. Her anxious mama persuaded her “*Deary*” to go into the cabin, which was a signal to begin ; and by what part of curiosity I was induced to follow, I know not.

An old fat man, wedged in a two-armed chair, was consoling and envying her.—

“*That’s nice, Miss—it comes up finely—*

“*Oh ! it would do me rare good!—that’s*

“*bravely done, Miss!—I thought I ob-*

served, in the midst of pity and exclamations, he only wanted inducements to make himself sick; and in confirmation of my surmise, he pulled a bottle of chamomile tea out of his pocket, and swigged heartily; but with all his provocatives, he was but rewarded with some loud HICKUPS, and a copious perspiration, to guard against the ill effects of which, he put one handkerchief under his wig, and *mopped* his face and hands with another.

Miss went on "bravely," and I once heard *une échappée* from the *perpendicular extremity* of the mouth. As for the old gentleman, he stuck close to his seat, and COMPLAINED most bitterly that he could not be sick.

We were obliged to drop anchor three times, and performed a voyage in twenty-seven hours which is often done in ten. I

lay

lay down for a short time in a crib bed, but I was so besieged by an army of fleas, I went upon deck, and trudged sulkily the rest of the night.

A Billingsgatean lady chose to scold me for walking ; but as I preferred her mellifluent abuse to the stench of a crowded cabin, and a million of other animals, I was all silence, and roughed it as well as I could. About eleven the next morning a breeze sprung up, and expelled the clouds both from our faces and the atmosphere, and a coarse kind of wit took place of the fullness the calm had occasioned.

I want words to do justice to the satisfaction I felt in going up the river ; my cares vanished—I was not only delighted with the streets of ships we sailed through, but felt an honourable pride in belonging to



a country that brings the trade of all the world into its bosom, I was rich from seeing the riches around me, and I thanked my God that I was—a BRITON.

## CHAP. II.

*A Mail Coach.*

SET off in the Leeds mail coach with a fair wind and a scowling sky ; our company consisted of my friend, a Sheffield manufacturer, a maiden lady of a certain age with a large band box, big enough to have purloined a Jemmy Jumps, but which we will suppose was better furnished with head ornaments to surprise a country village. We had an opportunity of examining each other's faces for about an hour, and then the evening became very " Sirish, " Madamish," and, on the part of little Sheffield, rather "*snoringish* ;" we wanted a refreshment of tea to make us chatty. While it was preparing, the honest York-

shireman took off his wig, and was turning the curls nicely over his fore finger, to the great disgust and surprise of the lady. He tried all that putting on his wig, and begging pardon, could do, but her stomach had received so severe a shock, she declared "*the man*" had spoiled her breakfast. However she was afterwards pleased to open her family budget, and began to be more familiar; but the poor culprit was never more honoured with a word or even a look. I suppose a concatenation of ideas would have made her sick if she had seen the wig; and he was so dumbfounded we entirely lost him, until a carriage came to meet her. Her family head bridled up at this distinction, and she wished us a "*good afternoon*" with an air of superiority.

Her departure was a signal for little Sheffield to begin, his countenance brightened up, and we found him, barring a few grammatical

matical errors, as clever a man as you could  
 meet with on a Summer's day. He gave  
 us an account of the trade of his native  
 town, and entered, in a workmanlike man-  
 ner, into the manufacturing part of it. He  
 told us what branches flourish most now,  
 and what must always succeed ; how the  
 town became commercial, owing to the  
 pride and severity of the citizens of York  
 to some foreign artificers, by whipping them  
 out of the city. They not only thought  
 this ill-judged cruelty meritorious, but keep  
 an holiday in remembrance of it, and that  
 trade has never held up its head in York  
 since, though so well situated for it. In  
 all his conclusions he never spoke favoura-  
 bly of any thing that had not honesty to  
 regulate it. He had signed the Address to  
 His Majesty about the proclamation, and  
 said, " For what could we hope for more  
 " than what we have ; to be sure there are  
 " people



“ people that wish to kick up *bubblety bub-*  
 “ *bletys* in Sheffield, but they are more  
 “ NOISE than NUMBERS.”

The little Wig vanished, and I esteemed him full as much as if he had been decorated with a ramillied peruke. Had we not been so near his house, we should have had a more extensive lesson of ingenuity; but the misfortune is, man is too apt to find out the value of any thing when he is about to lose it.

It was half past two on Monday morning when we reached Leeds, our cloaths being thoroughly drenched in the boot of the mail coach, from the overflowing of the Trent; the devastation in Leicestershire and parts of Northamptonshire and Nottinghamshire was dreadful; the low grounds were covered with water, and a considerable

considerable quantity of hay was hanging  
on the hedges in the lanes, and even on  
the high road.

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

*Cross the Country to Kendal—Fatigue—Covered by Sancho Panca's incomparable Cloak—The River Ken—Salmon leaping—Leven's Park—The House—A Liquor called Morocco—Haversham Village—Sexton, a Man of Feeling.*

AT five the same morning we got into a cross-country coach for Kendal; we passed through a chain of valleys, frequently keeping the Leeds canal and a river in view; the most disagreeable part was the jolting of the clumsy coach with a lazy pair of horses: as long as it was light, the variety of scene kept us in amusement; but it was no sooner dark than every shake of the carriage had an uncomfortable effect. I tried to sleep, but tried in vain; and we

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thought

thought it an age before we reached Kendall, which was past twelve o'clock.— Sleep, to use the language of honest Sancho Pança, “ covered me with a cloak,” and presented me after ten hours oblivion with a cheerful flow of spirits.

At eleven we set off for Leven's along the banks of the Ken, which winds its clear course amongst rich pastures, stocked with lusty cattle, hanging woods, ragged rocks, and thick hay fields; we were often charmed with the noise of the river, foaming down broad wears; near one of them, close to the powder mills, is a stout bridge, whose arches extend from rock to rock covered with verdure; we sat near it half an hour watching abundance of salmon attempting to rise the fall, and sometimes leaping sideways at a fly, all of them appearing eager to get up, some succeeded to



to the first rise of the fall, and some fell again into the foam.

How delightfully we were seated to hear the music of the river!—to see the banks cloathed with hanging trees of various green, and under a certain bushy part on the opposite side, large drops were tinkling down, raising distinct and high effects!—I felt that charming placidness within me, that convinced me I am a son of nature; we left with regret this scene, but only to enjoy other beauties.

About a mile from the mills, and to the left of the river, we entered Leven's park, passing through a long avenue of lime and beech trees, still keeping the Ken which divides the park, stocked with deer on both sides: we had here a sight of the sands, with two vessels at anchor; I was struck with the recollection of having seen the sea

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four hundred miles off in as many days; but this instantly gave way to the respect I felt, in admiring the matchless work of nature.

On approaching the house, we perceived they were busy in housing hay, and saw a gentleman and two ladies come out of the garden: anxious to see all we could, yet fearful to be thought intruding, we were asking questions from one of the haymen, when the gentleman politely came to us, and offered to show us the house:—he was steward to the lady Andover, and had come that day to overlook the workmen.

The house is turreted, and has stone winding steps to the leads, from which you have a prospect charmingly variegated and backed by high mountains; the rooms are generally of oak, and several of them

are

are decorated with the Bellingham arms with different quaterings; these too are painted in the windows. In the great hall there are several coats of armour; one breast plate appears to have had a ball dinted against it: the seasons are curiously expressed by carved figures in the wainscot with verses under them in old fashioned rhyme: the beds are very old, and the curtains are as ragged as a pair of colours that might have belonged to a distinguished regiment that was at the battle of Blenheim; the tapestry is expressive of religious and moral subjects, but it does not seem the work of good looms, perhaps it was made before that kind of weaving was brought to the perfection of the last century.

Every part of this respectable house, except what was once wove, may yet last for ages. The wainscot and floors are in thorough repair; and the latter shone so bright,

bright, I was obliged to tread with caution lest I should tumble ; much as the Bellingshams have to regret the loss of these estates, they are in hands that pay attention to repairs, for I never saw an old uninhabited house taken such care of.

We were regaled by a liquor called Morocco, which is made in no other place in the kingdom, and has been peculiar to it time out of mind ; it is of a high colour, and is made from malt and hops ; has an acid taste, and does not ferment ; for, if it was to be left in a glass for a week, they say it would be equally good as at the moment it was poured out ; I confess I relished it, *perhaps* because there is none of the same sort any where else.

As the steward must have business to transact, my friend and I walked to Havesham, a village upon a hill, famous for a  
c school



school that has produced some great scholars, and recently unfortunate by two youths being drowned near Leven's; this accident, which near town would only occasion the general gloom of a minute, seemed to throw sorrow over the face of the sexton, whilst he showed us the grave.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

*A Village Dancing Master—An aged Matron  
—Rustic Politeness on her Entrance—A  
Hornpipe—The Rose Dance—Farmer's  
Servant—A Barn Dancing School—The  
Church Dinner—Return to Levens—The  
Gardens—Antiquated Housekeeper—Kit-  
chen Grate.*

THE sexton was landlord of the Eagle and Child, and whilst his good woman was dressing our dinner, we were induced from seeing a number of boys shoes, and hearing the sound of a fiddle in a barn, to become spectators. About thirty boys and girls were assembled for a quarter's instruction. The master had more the appearance of a man than of a dancing master, although

he was well qualified for the latter in the opinion of the children's parents ; we will imagine it was a public day, for there were several spectators, and we observed an aged matron upwards of eighty supported by two women, bending her slow steps towards the school ; on her entrance there was a general reverence, and one man went into the house to bring her a two-armed chair.—If this was not politeness, tell me, ye *supple* sons of courts, what it was ?

One of the boys danced a hornpipe with hat aside and stick under his arm, tipping most vehemently with heel and toe, but in very good time : the master often threw his eyes upon the *strangers*, and I took care to give as much satisfaction to my face as I possibly could, though really not more than I felt. After the little hero had sweated over his part, nine girls danced a Cotillon in time and step that would not  
have

have disgraced a ball room, and what had a singular and rustic effect, whilst they were going the circle in pairs, the odd number stepped into the centre, pulled a red rose from her breast, which she held up as she danced round, until she led to another step, and always when she joined hands with the others, she replaced her rose near cheeks that vied with it in healthful beauty.

Why should so innocent a dance be called a Cotillon ? I think it ought to have an English name—where is the harm then of my naming it the ROSE DANCE ?

As there was a tall boy of about seventeen that had the appearance of a farmer's servant, who wanted to dance, my friend was afraid we should abash him, if we remained, so we went away. This lad had the look of a determined candidate for a



prize dance; he forced out his toes, until he grinned to it, and looked so eagerly at the dancers, I should have thought they were all his sweethearts; but upon recollection I am persuaded he was thinking, "if I wur doncing I'd ne'er give out."

As I wished to take in all I possibly could, I observed a wooden hoop with three tin sockets hanging in the centre of the barn, to be ready any evening for a village dance.

From this feat of rustic agility we departed, after saying in whispers loud enough to be overhead, "how well they danced." I made my very best obeisance when we departed, and bows and curtsies attended us; the old good woman put her arms upon the chair and showed the same inclination: I sat next to her, and I bestowed so many praises upon the young ones, I think

think I gave a gleam of cheerfulness to her heart.

I could not help overhearing whilst one of the boys was dancing his hornpipe, if not in an elegant, in a difficult, manner, one of them said to another, " I can do that," these trifles became second nature to me, and I silently gloried in them.

We afterwards went into the church, which is a plain old one; it was burnt down early in the last century, so that we could only trace the births and burials from the year 1605. In the chancel belonging to the Bellinghams there is a handsome monument upon one of the females, dated 1626, with verses expressive of her many virtues, and those of her husband, which has been lately put in repair by a gentleman related to her maiden name; on examining

the registers, there is no mention of her being buried there.

By this time dinner was ready; I cannot say I eat heartily, my appetite had given way to the scenes we had been engaged in: when we asked what we had to pay, the landlady hesitated, as if she thought she was going to overcharge, and hoped we should “not think eight pence a piece too much.”

In two hours from our leaving Levens we were returned, as Mr. R—— promised us the pleasure of walking with us to Kendal, and sent off his horse for that purpose.

The gardens are laid out in the Dutch style and were planned by King James's Gardener, who resided during part of his master's troubles with the then owner of it, the person who, it is said, took advantage of the national disturbances of possessing the

estate. I have heard that Bellingham followed the fortunes of King James, and to preserve this estate in his family, made it over to a man he thought his friend, but who was either too partial to the beauties or the profits of it; and it is even traditioned by poor people of the name of Bellingham, now residing in Kendal, that the estate was never paid for.

The gravel walks are broad and long, and each alley and yew tree has its brother; these are too formal to be interesting, besides they were the heavy taste of a man that had *deformed* the beauties of nature. The only curiosity I observed, and which I think is easily accounted for, is of a tree whose trunk is cut off a foot from the earth, and whose branches were engrafted into another tree; it was in full foliage, and seemed alive to the bottom of the trunk; although it may once have been a  
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complete tree, its neighbour becomes the parent, and the sap of it in Winter must go into the root.

After we returned into the house, my friend went into the kitchen, and slipt half a crown into the hand of an old curiously-dressed housekeeper, who looked as antiquated as one of the wooden figures in the hall; she *waddled* plenty of dropping curt-sies, with a "Thank you, Sir," to every one of them. The hospitality of Levens must have been very general, for the kitchen grate is large enough to roast an ox, and I dare say good eating and morocco were plentifully distributed.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

*Petrifactions—Kendal Church—A Barber,  
a Man of Family.*

ABOUT six we crossed the river, and passed through the park amidst those trees that looked so majestic when we were opposite to them; two aged beech trees towered an amazing height over the others; we continued upon a high bank until we approached a large piece that had tumbled into a hole, once famous for drawing salmon, but now their safe retreat; this piece is composed of petrifications, a larger quantity than I ever saw before, occasioned from a lime-stone spring.

A person asked permission to get some, and took so much, that it occasioned the

obstruction. I mention this, as nothing can be more ill judged than taking advantage of a wish to oblige, and by this act, a deep serpentine part of the river loses half its beauty, and the best stocked part of the fishery is rendered useless; thus far the tide comes up, and in spring tides, the water near the house is brackish.

We sometimes passed through corn fields, but oftener through pasture, never losing sight of the river, and we were often entertained by little streams tinkling down the hill. I should never have been fatigued, but on entering Kendal the stones made my feet sore.

We looked in the church, which is a very large one, with handsome stone pillars. In a chancel belonging to the Bellinghams, there is an extraordinary large tomb without a date, and from the brass figure having

ving been purloined, it must have suffered under the depredations of civil war; there are several other monuments, for there was at one time a baronet and two knights of this name in the county, who had separate houses, and possessed considerable property in it.

The history of the county mentions this family as extinct, several branches are still in being. The Bellinghams, of Castle Bellingham in Ireland, are from a collateral line, and Roger Palmer, Esq. of Rush, in Ireland, with his sister and her children, are immediate descendants from the oldest branch; and as it is a family that has suffered from civil war, and *other causes*, there may be many descendants that may have sunk into the common mass of misfortunes, and whose poverty has only preserved the name.

The



The day following being constant rain, I have noted down, as I well as could recollect, the pleasures of yesterday, and I trust they will never leave my memory.

• There is a barber of the name of Bellingham living under this roof, that says he is a descendant; I understand when he gets too much of *Sir John Barleycorn* in his head, he is wondrous proud of it: his friends sometimes laugh at him, and ask him by what *bye* branch he is related to it: I had some conversation with him, and he has “*our family*” and “*my ancestors*” very pat.

## CHAP. VI.

*Obelisk—Children in Kendal sickly—Industry—New Canal—Tenter Grounds—A Man of ingenuity.*

WE went this morning to an Obelisk erected in 1788 upon a considerable tumulus, in remembrance of the Revolution :— I think it is too small an object for the noble mount it stands upon ; when I saw it yesterday at a distance, it looked like a tall chimney ; opposite to it stands the remains of the castle, where Catherine Parr was born : it still wears a grand resemblance of what castles were in former days, though it is mouldering away under the iron hand of time.

The

The children in Kendal look very sickly, but in the neighbourhood they are a rosy race: perhaps they suffer from the nap of the woollen manufactory, which is continually flying about, clogging their infant lungs.

There is a meritorious spirit of industry amongst them, and the country people, both men and women, were knitting stockings as they drove their peat carts into the town.

Coal is very dear, and they are obliged to use peat; (a species of turf) but when the intended canal between Lancashire and this place is finished, (which they are afraid will be a tedious time, from the number of locks it will require) the cheerful hearth will blaze, and they will have, at a moderate rate, that most necessary ingredient in a manufacturing town.

The

The tender grounds on the sides of the little hills resemble the vineyards in Spain ; and from having much cloth upon them, I should hope trade flourishes. I would wish to say something in praise of the town, but it is too ill paved to mind any thing but your feet.

Opposite the King's Arms, I thought I observed an old man I had once known ; on seeing him take a pinch of snuff I was assured of it, which he was always accustomed to do, with an air and twist of body peculiar to a man of mental consequence, or as we frequently see in a person that has made the grand tour, and takes this manner of letting us know it.

He was once a capital watchmaker, and told me with a sigh, he was only now a servant, and that he was obliged to leave his



old station, because he could not afford to live in it.

After he had recovered himself a little, I fell into enquiries about former days, and the look of sorrow vanished in an instant: I then asked him after a once extraordinary fine green and gold laced coat, I remembered his wearing near five years: when I first saw it, it was “wondrous, nay passing fine;” it underwent several degrees of shade, what with the sun, and time, and snuff.

Imagine to yourself—(for I like to bring description as faithfully as I can, if it was but to amuse my leisure hours; but I am persuaded if this should fall into the hands of any of my old brother soldiers, they will easily recognize poor A——) imagine then a middle-sized man, with a rubicund face and hair *bien frizzled*; toes turned out, particularly one foot, from the leg having  
been

been three times broke;—do not forget his green and gold, and, I have to add, a cock and pinched hat equally rusty, with a break in the centre, from the polite bows he always made, and with a pair of brownified silk stockings—such was once poor A——now he has short hair, a plain coat, a figured velvet waistcoat and worsted stockings: but whoever sees him would say, “that man has known better days.”

I was sorry to see him so reduced, for he was always reckoned clever in business, and would most willingly have given a description of the inside of a watch, without expressing the least displeasure at the ignorant or inquisitive. I have idled away many an hour in his shop, and I would not forget him in his poverty; he acknowledges his imprudencies, and says he shall never leave off his custom of “*swigging*” away a few “days.”

He tells a story of his father being so compleat a workman, that he once made a chain of steel so very fine, he had fastened a flea by the leg with it; this story has been offered to Baron Munchausen for his next edition, but I can inform the good folks of Kendal, there are many people who have seen such a thing. When he first spoke of it, a man left the company and brought in a whetstone, and laid it before him. A—— had not been long enough amongst them to know the meaning of it, and thought it was for him to swear by:— he took it up, kissed it, and swore \* it was true.—This has occasioned a standing jest against him, and I think in the end will drive him out of town.

\* It is a custom in the North, when a man tells the greatest lye in company, to reward him with a whetstone, which is called “ Lying for a whetstone.”

I introduce this to rescue him from laughter, as nothing can be more uncomfortable than being the butt of a country town ;— the ignorant may laugh at his follies, but it would be more to their credit if they could imitate his ingenuity.

When I arrived at the King's Arms the other evening, I was so displeased with my fatigue I thought it a bad inn : two days has convinced me Mrs. Masterfon is civil and intelligent, and you have every thing in peace and plenty. The house is a large old straggling one ; there are two galleries leading to the bed rooms, and I would advise you to make a cross to know which to go by.



## CHAP. VII.

*Ing's Chapel—Industry rewarded—Benevolence—A first Sight of the Lakes—Boats upon Windermere—Ambleside.*

ABOUT six miles from Kendal, we stopped to see Ing's chapel, rebuilt by a Mr. Bateman, who was born in the parish, of poor parentage; he went through the progressive success of industry, and was entrusted by his masters in London to transact their business at Leghorn: fortune befriended him, and he amassed immense riches, and he had so just a regard for his native place, he remitted money to repair the chapel, at the same time sending most beautiful marble to inlay the flooring, which is elegantly finished, the steps only leading  
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to the altar being of stone; the seats are uniform and of a commodious size.

He not only gave this tribute to the church, but left one thousand pounds to the poor: he lived not to return home, and his executors had the finishing of it, which is expressed on a stone upon the steeple.

It is said the little of his property remitted to England, was all that was saved to his family, and whether by losses or extravagance, the remainder was dispersed, report disagrees; I cannot, from what I heard, speak with confidence upon the subject; I only wish to do honour to the well-bestowed munificence of this grateful man, and say to the rich, most humbly quoting the language of our Saviour, "GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

I had not retained Mr. Bateman and his chapel long in my mind, before we saw a silver line stealing down a steep mountain right a head of us: we supposed it occasioned by yesterday's rain, and while I was straining my eyes to look at it, the left corner caught a first sight of Windermere; here I could not help dwelling, or rather I wished to dwell, for I called to the postilion not to go on so fast, without perceiving we were descending a steep hill:—we again lost the lake, but the next rising presented us the rivulet and Windermere, and I did not omit paying a visual attention to the little stranger, which I knew in one minute I was to lose; her extensive neighbour was boldly to the left of us, and, exclusive of the islands, and mountains, and woody borders, half a dozen boats were sailing under a fresh westerly breeze.

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As you enter Ambleside, there are some of the loftiest pines I ever saw, taller, I dare say, than any to the southward of them. Though the pine is a melancholy tree, it is here seen amongst such cheerful verdure, it is worth admiring as a contrasting shade.

CHAP.



CHAP. VIII.

*A kind of apology for myself—Rydal Waterfalls—Rydal Lake—Amphitheatre around it—Grasmere—A Country Ale House—Went upon the Lake—An attempt at description—A Prayer for the Inhabitants—Crooked Chimney an eye Sore.*

**AFTER** a dinner of most excellent trout we commence our ramble.

I take an opportunity of mentioning, the person out of friendship for whom I take this journey, is the sole director of it. I follow no written guide, lest I should enter too much into other people's ideas, and not give a native scope to my own: I shall do the best I can, frequently writing upon the

spot from whence the object strikes me, which may occasion both the *present* and the *preter perfect tenses* in the same chapters: I do not know how to avoid incommoding my readers with tautology, but I hope they will follow me with more good nature than criticism; yet I have that attachment for truth, I would rather feel the critic's *lash*, than intentionally misrepresent.

Our first walk was to Rydal Hall; the youngest daughter of the head husbandman waited at a gate to attend company to the cascades; she led us through the woods up a steep causeway to the highest water fall, which surprises, by a short turn to the left, (the opening may be two yards and a half wide) and rushes about forty-five yards into a declivity, and then roars down the hill.

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We descended a hundred yards, and then came suddenly upon another, which did not fall so steep, but was so overcharged with water, it occasioned a thin sheet to spread over an adjoining rock, separated by a sharp point, and seemed to act like a reflecting rainbow to a larger one. After satisfying the eye, we declined lower than the house, along winding slate walks edged with evergreens, and occasionally a careless labernum; until we came to an old wainscoted room darkened by surrounding shades, which presented a cascade arched by trees, and back grounded by an ancient bridge, with the verdure seen under it:— At the instant I am writing a man with his hayday dress, with a rake and a stone bottle, is passing over the bridge, the back shade makes his frame and dress so distinct, I shall never forget the figure.

We

We afterwards pursued the Keswick road along the banks of Rydal lake, the beautifully misshapen mountains around us formed a grand amphitheatre; some of them were fortified by the Romans, and seem deserving of them in their Augustan grandeur.

We ascended the western hill, and had by degrees a complete view of the compact — THE RURAL GRASSMERE — we directed our course towards the church at the top of the lake, where we were told a man of the name of Robert Newton kept a public house, and that he was an intelligent man: on seeing near the church a sign post we concluded it to be the place:—we were amusing ourselves with the neat rusticity around us, when the landlady came in and said her husband was amongst his hay: she observed him upon a stile and called to him, “ *Robert, tha mun cum in.*”

He



He told us he was going to take up his floats in Grasmere, and showed us a pike of four pounds he had caught in the morning: this was an opportunity we could not omit, and we proposed going with him.

But I must first tell you this public house was not distinguished by prints expressing rules for drinking, but by "King Charles's good rules:"—a picture of the pursuit under the royal oak, and a large one explaining the twelve months, with instructive verses under each of them; behind his cottage he had dammed in a small stream, and which served as a receptacle for trout, pike, and perch, to be ready whenever he wanted them.

An old man upwards of eighty assisted in rowing, and upon our not immediately finding some of the floats, he said "I'm keeping a sharp eye after them:" we did  
not

not take any fish, and Robert seemed more disappointed on our account than his own.

These floats are shaped like bar shot, or what may be more generally understood like dumb bells; the line is rolled round the bar, and although it may be entangled amidst the weeds, there is no danger of losing it, even if they leave them out all night, for theft is a phænomenon in this valley. But I was so much engaged with all around me I did not care about fish.

Grafsmere is named from a green rump-shaped island, on which there are many sheep, an out house for shelter, and occasionally a couple of cows: this verdant spot is four acres and a half in circumference, with a low shelter of trees to the south-west.

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The distance between Seat Sandal \* and the opposite mountain † exhibits a grand canopy; and in the valley, or as it is here called, the GRAIN, the road to Kefwick runs: these mountains are so much alike, it may not be improper to call the one brother, and the other the sister, as in the proportion of my mind, they are similar to that of male and female:—this space is rendered more solemn by dark clouds tumbling into the valley; yet the sun piercing over them shows a distant Alp tinged with watery beauty.

On approaching the Eastern entrance we observe two farm houses, which for three months never feel the sun: the steeple, and what I can see of the church, embosomed in trees, are delightfully picturesque.—May the God of Heaven bless the inhabi-

\* From its sandy front.

† Steel Fell.

tants that perform their prayers on its rough oak benches!

To the right they have been cutting down some valuable underwood, which rather hurts the look of the *tout ensemble*: but certainly the husbandman ought to reap the fruits of his labour.

Scotch cattle are feeding amidst the woods, and sheep are beautifully dotted upon the hill, at the foot of which we are going to land: this is common land, and is so different from the others, there is not an enclosing wall or a tree to be seen.—Our guide left us, and it was with diffidence he accepted a trifle.

We have agreed to dine at his house on Sunday, and he is afterwards to go with us to the summit of Helm Crag, a steep hill

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that



that apparently over-hangs the Kefwick road.

Grafsmere is a handsome floping brook to Rydal, and in the separation becomes the Rathay: we occasionally stopped on the soft land on its margin, and took a view of the whole.—I will endeavour to give a description.

The formidable heavens to the west set off the wild grandeur of the mountains, and over our head they are as serene, as the valley they adorn: to the north a large table hill, with a thick mist dashing over it: the south is distinguished by a golden appearance from the sun's tinging the clouds, and shows some straggling trees so distinctly, we can delineate the separation of leaves.

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If sights like these cannot fill the mind with reverence, it must be undeserving of enjoying them !

We returned by a good foot path, and we were glad to find the landlord had changed our room for one with a different aspect : there is a crooked chimney right before the other, so obstructs a sight of Windermere, as to take away the pleasure of it.

CHAP. IX.

WINDERMERE.

*Too much Description—Thompson's Island.*

AT the head of this QUEEN of the Lakes\* are some neat houses that cannot be exceeded for freshness of air and sweetness of prospect; we were apprehensive of the day as we were attended to the Lancashire side of the lake with a mizzling rain; but if you please you may mark the progress.

The sun pierces upon the Rydal mountains that back ground the head of the lake, showing them in just light and shade.—Rydal Hall appears about the center, com-

\* Windermere is the largest of the lakes.

manding a most delightful view, and in return is equally worthy of notice: when I saw it yesterday the modernizing alteration took from the pleasure I should have had, could I have seen it in its ancient form, but the distance we are now from it takes away the objection.

Langdale Pikes hold their ragged heads in shapeless horror, as if they had been thrown out by a most violent throe of nature.—Low Wood is thickly wooded, and shows the snug roof of a farm house about one third of the way up it: at the foot is Low-Wood Inn, a neat object, with about fifty scattered fields near it:—Calf Parrick Crag is opposite the inn, and we are close rounding into its bay: this point takes away many old views, and opens upon new ones.—About two miles to the left is Brad Risen, a large field full of sheep, and surrounded by wood; about a mile farther a



light green field, shaped like a tumulus, skirts the view.—The rain has ceased, columns are flying about, and the sun has dried the paper which my pencil is faithfully writing upon.

We open the little village of Bowness, and a squadron of seven cutters, with pennants and colours flying, under different tacks: the farm house I before remarked is called Dove Nest, and is become a well-placed object: the fields in front have a regular slope, and are ornamented with the exhilarating sight of spreading out their hay, which gives us hopes we shall have a fine day, as they know more of this climate than we do.

From High-ray Bay, Langdale Pikes appear over a wooded hill: we have likewise the Old Man and Wedderlamb, which become interesting, though they are barren;

for

for the *leffer* hills, which compose the fore part, are of variegated verdure. At the western extremity of Wedderlamb it is raining as hard as it can pour, and on the adjacent hills the sun and clouds are playing fantastically—we are opening Colgarth—but I am taken off by one of the Pikes, which, as the boat rows slowly on, resembles a Cardinal's cap, showing itself above the centre of a very green hill.

The squadron is manœuvring with seeming nautical skill, having no lee shore to be afraid of, which was so great a *bugbear* this day fourteen years.—Colours are hoisted upon Belle Grange Point to inform the people the master is on the island. This deep part of the lake is famous for char, which are usually taken between November and April. Though covered from the breeze, we are often refreshed with the fragrance of new-mown hay. The boats are

near Dove Farm, and seem appendages to the meadows : much as I have been accustomed to the sea I cannot say I ever saw a prettier water-sight before. We went on shore at the Flag Staff, and had a full command of Belle Isle, which is about the middle of the lake, and is nearly two miles in circumference : we see Bowness church, and a chain of low hills partly covered with heath, apparently extending to the extremity of the lake, and occasionally interspersed with small fields and some wood.

I do not doubt but Colgarth is large and comfortable within, but I think the windows have a pigeon-hole look. About one we landed upon Thompson's Island, from which we have a fair sight of Belle-isle House and pleasure grounds, appearing to be laid out in much modern taste : this island is near two others, called Lilies of  
the

the Valley, which are deserving of their name, for they are beautiful little spots.

After a plentiful meal near some wild myrtle, and amidst ash and other trees, I penetrated through the wood, and am seated unseen, to admire Rydal Head and the course we have taken: the wind has drove the clouds before the sun, and left an azure over the lake which has changed the dun colour of it to a reflected blue, and makes the whole placidly new: the flag staff divides the vale of Rydal, and I have the squadron on a returning tack rounding the point. Colgarth House is a pleasant white object, without any other to be seen:—a sweeping mountain over Troutbeck Dale forms a fullen crescent with a camel's protuberance on its back, and which makes one of those deformed reflections upon another mountain, that we may call disgusting, though but a shadow:—a musket is  
just



just fired near some reverberating hills;—nor must I pass unnoticed the bleating of sheep on the Lower Fells, the rustling of the wind, and the poppling of the lake; they are distinctly heard, because undisturbed by other sounds, and join the eye to fill up the pleasures of the mind.

I returned to my friend on the dinner side of the island; the view is confined and Belle-Isle territory is a studied pleasure ground, with many sheep grazing to a bounding shrubbery.

Houses in situations like these become secondary objects, and can only be noted as spots in the wild grandeur around them, and in proportion to the benevolence of the owner—a virtue not wanting here—Sewry Heights have a cool look, and must be very valuable every fourteen years, when the wood is cut down for charcoal. We proceeded

ceeded to a point where there is a ferry to convey carriages that pass between Hawkehead and Kendal; after walking up a small hill, we saw the outlet of Windermere, then crossed to the opposite ferry in front of Belle Isle, and saw eight cutters and a yacht at anchor.

The house is shaped like a low watch tower, seemingly built to catch every object about the lake: the portico gives it a handsome front; but I want taste to admire any other part of it; and even the pillars, when we had a side view in the shade of evening, seemed as if they were *walking* away with the house to Bowness.

CHAP.

## CHAP. X.

## WINDERMERE.

*Bowness—An Adder—Robin Partridge's  
Finger, and an old Irishwoman's Charms—  
Robin angry because I want Faith—Rem-  
nants of Furness Abbey Window—To see  
Windermere to Advantage.*

AFTER landing at Bowness, I went in-  
to a summer house, at the end of a dimi-  
nutive bowling green, and I will now men-  
tion an instance which happened on the  
opposite ferry, that shows the superstition  
of the country people.

I saw an adder in a wall: the guide's fore  
finger was last year bitten by one, and  
which must have been a very venomous

hurt: he said—" I should have lost my  
 " loife if I'd naw found an Irishmon to  
 " lay houd of it and strouk it, and during  
 " th' time he did it, I fealt no pean."—I  
 asked him if an Englishman had rubbed it,  
 if he did not think it would have done  
 equally well, or if he was not obliged to  
 his good habit of body for the cure—" not  
 " I—an Englishmon cu'd naw chearm  
 " away th' sting"—and by way of eluci-  
 dation told a story of " a *Feast*," that he  
 saw happen when a boy.

" An old Irishwoman mead a ring round  
 " an adder, and it cu'd naw geet out of it;  
 " hua then repeated some GIBERISH, weet  
 " her finger wi her spittle, stroaked it  
 " cros its back, and it deed."

I should have laughed most heartily at  
 honest Robin Partridge, if I had not been  
 convinced he spoke from simplicity of  
 mind;



mind ; and I think I did rather sink in his good graces by not having any faith in the Hibernian touch.—May not this man be a relation to the once famous almanack maker ?

I went up a small hill near the inn, from whence I had a view of the whole of the lake : an indescribable scene was open to me, and I enjoyed it for half an hour.

My companion had left me at the ferry, and returned at seven : the rector was so obliging as to show us his church ; I never saw a neater one ; and though it is not decorated with a marble foundation, it is in every other respect equal to Ings chapel, and considerably superior in size.

It is interesting from old writing in Saxon characters, that decorate the walls with wholesome verses from the bible, dated 1629,  
but

but more so by a rich painted window full of scriptural and historical allusions, with patchings of armorials of the county gentry: these are too much in piecemeal to be fully explained, but they must be a noble treat to the antiquarian.

OUR SAVIOUR upon the cross, with blood flowing from the wounds, with the disciples and female attendants around him, are luckily the most central and perfect figures, and as we had not long to stay, took up the most of our thoughts. I observed St. George and the Dragon; and in the left corner a small figure at prayers, with a mantled cloak and the bonnet of one of our kings; towards the top, which separates the scriptural from the armorial expressions, is a round pane with the arms of England and France encircled by the garter — “HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.” — I think the little figure is meant for Edward

the Third : the institution of that order, and the posture a humiliating acknowledgement for the many victories he gained ; and it is well known that monarch, with all his foibles, had a high sense of religion. May it be thought improper to imagine it the work of that reign ?

In the demolition of the abbey of Furness, when the barbarous order of a rapacious king took away the emoluments of the abbeys, regardless of the ornaments ; this WRECK of the great window was buried, and at a more enlightened period, it was dug up and placed in its present station.

Neither my time nor my studies allow me to write with *information* of this celebrated relick, but I hope my memory has been faithful in recollecting what I saw.

There

There is a curious epitaph dated 1627, on an old gentleman, wrote upon himself.

After this feast of reason and religion, between eight and nine we re-embarked for the return: the great island and lesser ones, which are trimmed circularly, look well, and the sight is much improved from the squadrons having their colours still flying, though the commanding officer deserves a reprimand for not ordering them to be *doused* at fun-set—A NAUTICAL HINT!

We had a small rain for half a mile, but the heavens were grand, and promised favourably; the moon shone on the scarce curling water, and the views were softened by her beams; we rowed slowly on, and as we passed between Low Wood and the beach, where we embarked, we saw several guns fired; the echo was opposite, and



then ran along Rydal hills :—the water became glassy, and as we got in with the head of the bay, the echo varied with additional flaps, and trembled more in departure ; it was half past nine when we landed, and the great chasm to the west still marked the influence of the sun.

To see Windermere to advantage you ought to begin at the extremity, and you will find every prospect improve until you open the Rydal mountains.

## CHAP. XI.

## PATTERDALE.

*Large Farms detrimental—A walk to Patterdale—More Description—Six magnificent Mountains—The Vale of Patterdale—Wild Strawberries—The Church Yard—The King of Patterdale's Palace—Could not get Admittance—The Prince's Sons fine Children—Lyulphs' Tower—March quick one—Receipt against Fatigue—A hearty Meal—The Landlord—A Coin found—Custom relative to straggled Sheep—A Maid of Honour—The QUEEN THIRSTY.*

WE set out at nine up a good chaise road, seeing on the hill to the right, a large space of ground, well drained, and all of it beautifully laid out: it is the property of

a person who is very charitable to the poor, but the farmer says he has too much in hand: I have heard several of them say they neither *think* he will meet with success, nor *wish* that he may.

I never think it a pleasant fight to see a rich man keep more land in his possession than what adds to his home amusements: many farms scatter cheerfulness amongst the farmers, and plenty amongst the people; and we could not help observing with concern, it is too much a custom to monopolize land; the poor complain of it, though not with loudness, with SORROW.

We laboured up a hill about three miles, and at every rest took a retrospect view of the valley, a sheet of Windermere, a *tarn* behind it, and Hawkeshead: we then dropt down Kirkstone, at the commencement of Patterdale parish: we see at the bottom of  
the

the road part of Bridder Water, which looks as if *embayed* in mountains, with trees and copse wood on its margin, giving it the appearance of a fish pond in a large garden: winding on we come to a small gill, of above one hundred yards descent, broadening at the bottom, and which is rendered more beautiful from my friend's removing some obstructing stones; it then joins a little stream and sinks under the road: lower down we opened upon another hill and perceived another gill; we have now three in sight, and, although the *least*, the one I first noticed is the favourite.

On entering the vale of Hartstop, we have a full command of Bridder Water; this small dale, though not clothed with good grass, is prettily wooded, and is beneath a semi-circular mountain with misshapen interstices, forked like lightning, but which are the effects of, and conveyers of



torrents; he hangs *proudly* over the valley, as if to deter any inhabitants from fixing there, and I did but observe one house.

A heavy shower detained us under a rough wall, which has luckily some stones taken out, and gives me an opportunity of keeping the paper dry: as we proceeded along Bridder Water we occasionally saw the silver-tailed wheat-ear, fearfully endeavouring to hide itself from the shadow of a cloud, and several brood of wild duck.

As we cross the old bridge at the foot of the *tarn*, we command a grand view of *Six Grains*, which are vallies separated by immense mountains.—Dods is the fullest promontory I ever saw, and seems as if it had bulged out from and overgrown a crescent-formed hill; nor must I pass unnoticed a mountain with a solitary tree near  
the

the summit, which is covered from the north-west wind by a bending rock.

The varieties of verdure, heath, and barrenness upon these tremendous mountains, according to the influence of the sun, and the roughness intermixed, give a solemn force to the mind, yet makes it pleased to enter THE VALE OF PATTERDALE.

We pass along this extensive dale, with a river running through meadows, in the midst of harvest: to the right, hanging woods, and a very irregular cascade showering down the hill, which we carried in sight near a mile, frequently seeing it through trees: to the left, the wood was too thick and close to describe, but was equally welcome, by presenting us with plenty of wild strawberries of that pleasant acid so refreshing to the thirsty. We passed several wretched cottages, and came suddenly

to the King's Arms, with a first sight of Ullswater. After ordering dinner we followed the road to the church, which is the only burial ground I ever saw without a grave stone.

The quiet inhabitants of this kingdom are content to rest with their forefathers, having one *green clod* to cover them all, which will be in perfection when tombs will be no more.—I could not have felt more reverence (perhaps not so much) had I trod amidst “the storied urns or animated busts,” or had I seen the most superb mausoleum that was ever raised at the Shrine of Pride.—No!—nothing was ever formed by the hand of man that could equal this verdant monument.

On looking through the windows it appeared the poorest conditioned I ever saw; but it is the place of God, and it is exceeding

our duty to find fault with it : the rotten trunk of a yew tree of amazing circumference, with *embers* of life still left, may challenge in age any one in Great Britain.

We had not far to go to the palace ; for who has not heard OF THE KING OF PATERDALE ? and I never had so great a desire to see a monarch before : curiosity got the better of politeness, and we went up a large flight of broken steps and knocked at an old house that had once been handsome, and would still be so in a picture : after a persevering knock of some minutes a female servant came to us, and we made an excuse by inquiring after prospects ; but vain was our hopes of seeing, for the present, the Royal Family : two fine healthful-looking grand-children came out ; my friend gave each of them a Druidical half-penny, the sight of which, and the ancient look of the palace, made me think I had fallen some

centu-



centuries back ; but as an audience was at this time impracticable, I must quit their majesties for the present, and in the language of some writers say, "*more of them hereafter.*"

We went along the lake rising through a good road, most of the way covered by trees, with only a partial sight of the water, until we came to an opening which gave us two miles of the lake, and three barren islands ; on one of them the country people have heaped in rough stones the figure of a man ; it being customary for every person to add a stone to different shaped heaps in places seldom frequented.

The whole was bounded by Lyulphs Tower in Gowborough Park, built lately by the Duke of Norfolk, in memory of some Saxon hero, and as a sporting retreat. This castle, so near its majestic neighbours,  
has

has an effect that suits the taste of the scene, and shows the just one of the noble owner : we proceeded to the end of Patterdale, which separates Westmoreland from Cumberland. On a rock lately despoiled of its trees, we had a most extensive view, rounding an elbow of rich land, and presenting at a distance Stainmore Hills and part of Yorkshire : the mounts behind us were thick cloathed, and there is an almost perpendicular one (conical topped) crowned with trees.

We were no sooner in the road, but we recollected five hours walking required a hearty meal, and we trudged merrily back again ; to a quick march I always whistle when I find myself growing fatigued ; the instant we arrived we fell too ; as to what we had for dinner is of no consequence, never troubling ourselves about such trifles,  
for

for we are determined to be pleased with whatever is laid before us.

The landlord had been in his hay field; we asked him to sit down, and we found him a well-informed man: every one in this part of the world learns to read and write, and, although they work hard, they take care their children are properly instructed: he is a very clever fellow, and had pencilled upon the wall the view from his house: he had some choice books in the room where we dined, and he conversed so *sensibly*, I felt even respect for him; and a man must have degraded himself to have imagined he was his superior.

In speaking of coins, he showed us a silver one of the 3d of Elizabeth which he dug out of his orchard two years ago: I never saw one in higher preservation, and what I am pleased to add, I purchased it for  
half

half a crown, which I intend keeping in remembrance of the Vale of Patterdale: the landlord's mother, who is seventy-five years of age, never recollects a piece of money being found in the valley before.

When sheep stray in these counties it is usual for the owners to look after them;—but there is an agreement between Patterdale, Matterdale, and Legerthwaite, that is too great a credit to the inhabitants to omit speaking of, as it marks a liberal minded people: they meet on Saint Martin's day to exchange their strayed sheep, every farmer bringing those which do not belong to him; no other expence is thought of, but the general one incurred, by feasting on roast geese and ale, and they are so happy with each other, they sometimes make a second day.—I would walk a hundred miles to be present at such a fight.

Whilst



Whilst we were talking, we saw an ambling old woman with a jugg in her hand go into the kitchen ; she was occasional servant to the *Royal Family*, and the *Queen* was pleased TO BE THIRSTY.

## CHAP. XII.

## PATTERDALE.

*Set off again to the Palace—Meet an old Woman—Who she was—Enter into Conversation with her MAJESTY—Some Gin—Her Majesty's Reasons for preferring Ale—The Disaster that gave us the Honour of her Company—Complains of the King—Her white Hand—Why she supposes we are rich—Her Poverty and Riches—The King an old Fool—Observe the King—Her Majesty abuses him—Wants to sell two Wethers—The Queen getting more fuddled—Her own Account of her Behaviour at Church—Afraid we should have had A SALINE LAKE—She gets worse and worse—The Parson of the Parish.*

**AFTER** *admiring this antiquated maid of honour, we had so violent an impulse to see the*

the Royal Family, we immediately set off to the palace. We had not proceeded far before we met an old woman, with an earthen bottle in one hand, and a crooked stick in the other; an old cloth (or what was once a *whole* handkerchief) was bound round her head, with dirty remnants of a gown: on her turning round, I thought of the "Old Hag picking dry sticks and mumbling to herself." — I had prepared my penny, when we were struck by a quick voice—" *A fine evening, gentlemen;*" seeing the people leave their cottages, and the hay-makers lean over the gates, we concluded, and, not wrongfully, it was the Queen's betattered self. We followed her to the public house, and were surprised at our reception, though we had heard stories that ought not to have made us so:— my friend entered into conversation with her majesty, when I felt myself so emboldened by her gracious familiarity, I drew  
my

my chair towards her and called for *some gin*: I own myself wrong in this, particularly as her majesty said she had not eat any thing for two days; and although it was a favourite liquor, she would not taste it, but said, “I want some ale to FEED my “stomach;” which proves it must be very nourishing, and that the DREGS, as one of our old poets calls them, turns to food.

“They drink it thick, and p— it wondrous thin,  
“What stores of DREGS must needs remain within.”

She loudly complained, “that damned  
“B—— Brunfcal\* had put a spider in  
“my ale, and I could not drink it, and be  
“d— to her.” She desired the landlady to fill her bottle to take home with her, and then told us the King had broke her hand and knee with his stick: this, we suspected,

\* Is not Brunfcal a good name for a maid of honor?

G

was



was only to show us as fair a hand as any queen's whatever; disgraced by a filthy pair of woollen mittens curling half up her arms.—She said her poverty was a great grievance to her.—“ But, I suppose, as you  
 “ have *rings* on your fingers, you must be  
 “ very rich : mayhap a thousand a year :  
 “ I had once a ring myself, but old Madam  
 “ M—— always wore a *golden* one.”—She then bridled up, and allowed she had *abundance* of money, and that she spent a shilling a day in drink, but very little in meat ;  
 “ and to be sure I was very handsome  
 “ when young, and *not with child* when  
 “ married : I was a *bold* woman to venture  
 “ upon so stout a man as the king, but he  
 “ is now grown an old fool :—but I tell you,  
 “ Madam Dobson, why don't you bring  
 “ me my ale, I called for it half an hour  
 “ ago ?” —Mrs. D—— knew what she meant, and went for a glass though she had not ordered it : she had scarce swallow-

ed the contents, before the king was observed creeping towards the house. I could not help feeling respect, he had so fine a furrowed face, his head inclined upon the right shoulder, with a ragged handkerchief tied under his chin, and his coat was much torn; he sat upon the table and told her, with a feeble voice, he was come to take her home.—She not only abused him, but struck him twice, and then gave him a glass out of her bottle to make amends.—I felt the utmost indignation at her conduct, and I brought him a chair, which he refused, but seemed to take kindly, and by way of acknowledgement told me, “ If you chuse to buy a couple of  
“ FINE WETHERS\*, you shall have them

\* They told us he did not keep any sheep, and they supposed he had received these wethers under his lease of ENTERTAINMENTS.—*Vide* his character, Chapter XIV.

“ very cheap.” This offer was too much for my risible muscles, and I laughed most heartily.

The queen made so many attacks upon her bottle she became more noisy, and swore she had been drunk for two days, and as for going to church, “ I have not been “ in one this seven years.”—“ Oh yes, “ Madam, (said the landlady) you know “ you was when Mr. Myers preached, and “ you *smoked* your pipe in church.”—— “ Oh ! d—— it, I recollect that, he was “ preaching how we should not only for- “ give a brother seven times, but seventy “ times seven.”—Her majesty rose up in church and told him, “ I have done it a “ *hundred times* but nobody minded me.”

After every replenish she increased in noise, and I expected we should have seen

A MORE

A MORE SALINE LAKE than that of Ullswater, as I am told is not unusual upon these occasions, she was rather approaching too near, and began to stroke the back of her hand across her lips: I heard this was a symptom of kissing, and blame me not, ye fair, for flying from the royal salute, I swept round her and left to another wight that honour.

We were now at tea, and she said and sung such droll things, it burst through my nose, and almost choaked me. We perceived she was growing worse, and as we had seen *quite* sufficient of Patterdale royalty we paid our bill, and made good our retreat.

While we were thus unaccountably astonished, the parson of the parish went by in a pair of clogs, a coloured coat, and



blue worsted stockings ;—and with a large tree upon his shoulder. The landlord, who I have since been informed was intended for the church, pointed him out to us.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

*Strength of recollection—A Rush bearing.*

WE returned the same road we came, having only met two persons in the morning; as we saw a man brushing down a hill from a steep slate quarry, we stopped to ask some questions: my friend asked him if his name was not “Thomas Hayton,”—it was, but he did not prove to be the person he meant, though of the same name: he asked him if he used to be a *stage player*\*? —“Aye, Sur, bu that’s above twenty “years ago.”—If you could have seen the

\* My friend writes me this description of a stage player.—“The custom of stage playing is very much left off of late years; I question whether any thing now happens in six or seven years. The plays they formerly acted were, Cato, Barbarossa, Taming the

the man's face when my companion told him who he was, you must have thought favourably of these mountaineers, and I make no doubt but he must have been a capital performer.—His colour changed, and he could scarce speak; and he at first *refused* the money offered him:—after we had left him he stood for some time like a statue, and then called after us and told us that an old man and his wife lived in the public house below, that had once been *his* father's servants:—we went to them, and I had the satisfaction of finding my friend was as much beloved when a boy as he is now esteemed as a man.—Scenes like these are in concord with a heart that wishes well to all the

“ Shrew; much more in tragedy than comedy, as it  
 “ had a greater effect upon the audience.—The per-  
 “ formers were farmers' sons and farmers' servants,  
 “ by way of employment in long winter evenings,  
 “ and at a time of the year when they had very little  
 “ to do.”

world.

world.—I drew out my purse and was sorry it was so *thinly* stocked.

How remarkable! for four people to meet in so solitary a place, near the only house between Hartfop and Amblefide, in a distant part of the country from whence they all came, not having seen each other for thirty years.

The landlord, who was *a bit* of a farmer, told us he wanted to look after some sheep that fed upon a hill near our road.—I could not help remarking with what speed the dog ran up the skirts of the mountain, obedient to his call and the motion of his hand: when the dog had done his duty he barked down the hill, and came wagging his tail in much self-approbation.

The old man then talked what *good scholars* all his children were, and, by a hint  
of



of wishing to get “ *the finest lad i'th' world* ” provided for,” I was convinced, although he had not seen Mr. — for thirty years, he was informed of the numbers he had befriended.

We shook hands with the old man, and then walked on, admiring the mountains around us, and over which evening had thrown so deep a shade, we saw divisions that were not visible in the morning, and when we reached the top of Kirkstone we had a partial sight of the sea over Hawkehead.

Our return was expeditious, the events of the day were fine *antidotes* against fatigue. — When we arrived at Ambleside we saw several garlands supported by men and little children, with a couple of fiddles; we made two in the throng, and went to see them planted in the church: two young ladies  
graced

graced the pulpit, and I never saw a fairer parson and clerk in my life: that's of *course* you know, for it was too dark to judge. I was sorry to observe many men came in with hats on; it certainly was not in the original institution, but they perhaps thought night would cover every thing.

This is an old Roman-catholic custom, though without any superstitious remains: against the next Sunday the old rushes that have served a year are removed, and the clerk is allowed *a small sum* to supply fresh-gathered ones.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIV.

## THE KING OF PATTERDALE.

*His great Age—Supposed why called so—  
 Astonishing Accumulation of Wealth—  
 Mode of trying Strength of Ponies—Cast  
 away on an uninhabited Island—Contri-  
 vance to eat his Viſuals, without his Af-  
 ſiſtant knowing he had any—His peculiar  
 Mode of letting fields, &c.—Partiality for  
 Sugar—Only out-cunninged in his Amours  
 —Excellent Character of his Son—His  
 Maſteſty's Reaſons for not giving to the  
 Poor—The Queen offers her Grandaughter  
 in Marriage—Reſpect paid to her by the  
 country People.*

**I** FEEL myſelf at a loſs to give a charac-  
 ter of his maſteſty; I have every poſſible  
 reſpect

respect for his advanced age, but the meanness of the miser hinders me from paying it.

He is now in his 93d year, and had a paternal estate of from 150l to 200l a year, which has always given the (imaginary) title of King of Patterdale to its possessor: it is said, from being formerly exonerated from some particular tax, which might be owing to its very *remote* situation, and not worth gathering.

By his niggardly parsimoniousness he has realized his fortune, according to some, to 600l, by many to 800l a year, and I have even heard to be worth 40,000l.—A strong constitution gave him an opportunity of being laborious, and his industry kept pace with *his desire of gain*; he knew to omit getting one shilling was a certain loss of one penny a year for ever, besides compound



pound interest, that accumulating consideration TO THE ELWES'S of the day.

He had many ponies that he kept upon the common land, which he was entitled to from his landed property in the parish : upon these *lean* beasts he carried his own charcoal over the mountains to the different forges ; he used to throw his hat in their faces to see if they were able to perform the journey ; those that did not mind the hat were lucky enough to remain at home, and those which ran aside were thought of sufficient strength.

This may serve as an example to those who keep unfortunate animals, and may wish a new mode of trying if they have any strength left : I recommend this to Bunbury for his next edition of " GAM-  
" BADO."

He

He was reckoned the best boatman between Patterdale and Dunmallart Head, and he used to convey his own slate and wood, or when other people wanted him, for a trifling sum per load :—he was once deeply laden with the latter, and was drove by a violent gale of wind upon the largest island\* ; in this situation he remained with his assistant two days ; the poor fellow, expecting a short passage, had made no provision ; his majesty always carried bread and cheese in his pocket to avoid going to ale-houses, although he was never known to refuse when offered *to be treated* ; when he wanted to eat he told the man he would go to the other side of the island to see if the wind was likely to change ; he then *gormandized* away and made the man believe he had only been to look after the weather.

\* On these lakes the wind sometimes gathers round the hills, and has a violent effect, and there has lately been a loaded boat and two men lost on Windermere.

I must

I must now mention a custom he has long practised, and which saves him the expence of providing meals at home :—to use his own words, he calls them “ EN-  
“ TERTAINMENTS.” He lets some fields and small houses, as expressed in the agreement, for so many dinners and suppers, taking care that what are to him dainties are provided for each separate day.

In his tea-drinkings he takes from ten to fourteen cups, using an immoderate quantity of sugar, of which he is so fond, he generally carries some loose in his pocket ; if he omits a day which was once rarely the case, it is looked upon as fulfilled.—I am told it was a hard bargain to his tenants, but his great age has rather turned in their favour.

There are numberless stories of him throughout the country, in which his  
cunning

cunning was always conspicuous, and only *in his amours* has he been (sometimes) overreached; these are more funny to hear than it would be decent to relate.

I have not exceeded a tittle in what I heard of this patriarch miser, and I am the more induced to write about him, because I could not learn he had ever performed one act of charity throughout a life that Providence has lengthened beyond the usual stage of man, though “the ways of heaven are dark and intricate,” they are always just.

Perhaps this man is held up as *a beacon* to those who might otherwise be misers; for I never saw people that appear less inclined to be so than those around him; and his son is a conspicuous example of the contrary; brought up in a peculiar manner, his benevolent character shines a just contrast;



traft; and the inhabitants fay when he gets poffeffion of the fortune, charity to the poor will be as diffufive in the richeft man in Patterdale as fordidnefs now is. The king allows he never got any thing by the poor; why then fhould he give them any thing? He fometimes has been heard to complain that a man fhould be cut off in the prime of his life at eighty or ninety years—if he could live to the age of Methufalem, he might fave a little money.

The queen is many years younger than he is, but keeps pace with him in his paffion for money:—ſhe offered her granddaughter in marriage to my friend, and ſaid “ the old rafcal fhould give him 3000l, “ aye guineas if he pleaſed;” after ſo great an offer I had the curioſity to aſk her for a glaſs of ale, but ſhe had too much her bottle at heart, and turned it off with a ſong. They told us ſhe was often more diſguſtful  
than

than as we saw her ; for it was one of her  
MODERATE fits of drinking.

I mentioned before, the maid of honour  
only occasionally waits upon them ; and  
the young one we saw at the palace belongs  
to the son.

Notwithstanding the queen behaved so  
remarkably, some countrymen who came  
to hear the fun, and the people of the  
house, always called her "*Madam M—*"  
they took care she should not see them  
laughing at her, and always spoke in a  
tone of respect.

Such power has that *idol* wealth on the  
minds of we poor mortals.

## CHAP. XV.

## THE ASCENT OF HELM CRAG.

*As the Subject of this Chapter is new to the Author, he chuses to say nothing more about it, but that he deals somewhat in Surmise, and he leaves the Decision to more learned Heads.*

WE went in the morning to Grasmere church; there was a very decent congregation, and the singing was old fashioned and good; and if it had not been for a certain twang at the beginning of every stave, I should have thought them amongst the best country singers I have heard: the men sat on one side of the aisle, the women on the other, upon rough oak benches, and I could not help observing *the smiles inter-*  
changed

changed when a couple were asked in marriage.

After as good and well-dressed a dinner, at Robert Newton's, as man could wish, we set out to surmount the steep ascent of Helm Crag; but the dinner was so cheap I must mention what it consisted of—

Roast pike, stuffed,  
A boiled fowl,  
Veal cutlets and ham,  
Beans and bacon,  
Cabbage,  
Pease and potatoes,  
Anchovy sauce,  
Parsley and butter,  
Plain butter,  
Butter and cheese,  
Wheat bread and oat cake,  
Three cups of preserved gooseberries,  
with a bowl of rich cream in the centre,  
For two people, at ten pence a head.



We went up a narrow lane that gave us, half a mile from the church, a new view of Grassmere valley, with a perpetual waterfall, justly, from its force, called *White-churn Gill*; it rushes from a crescent-heathed hill, and forms one of the most considerable brooks that supplies Grassmere.

The sun was hot, and after a gentle ascent of about a mile, we rested some minutes under a thick hawthorn, which we will call the foot of the Crag:—the projecting point of the first rise looked formidable, and not less so, to speak in plain English, from having a complete belly full: however, when people are determined to overcome difficulties, time and circumstances are no obstructions.

We were covered from the wind, and it was so steep we were frequently obliged to stop when we met a narrow shelf, and  
when

when we got to the first range of the hill I was glad to throw myself down panting for relief:—the grass was slippery, which we guarded against by forcing our sticks as deep into the ground as we possibly could; and when we had gained the second height, I never remember meeting a more cheerful relief than finding we had got over that part of the hill which kept the wind from us:—this not only enlivened us, but we opened upon prospects which promised to repay our labour when we had surmounted it.

The pinnacle hanging over our right obliged us to take a sweep; but as we had the wind and a near sight of the top, we found less trouble in this stage than in the others: we were exactly one hour from the hawthorn, which was not from its being a high hill, but the steepest in this part

of the country, being seldom frequented but by foxes, sheep, and ravens: our guide was never on it but once, and neither he nor Partridge remember that it has been visited by strangers.

But I must be allowed to rest myself a little before I say any thing of the prospects around us, while I look with awful pleasure at the sight,

We went upon the projecting pinnacle, which had just room to hold two, from which I mark the views, but thought it prudent to have a less exalted rock in order to write them down.

The summit is covered with pieces of rock that give it the features of a grand ruin, occasioned by an earthquake, or a number of stones jumbled together after the mystical manner of the Druids:—there is  
a deep

a deep fissure \* two feet broad and twenty long, with a stone over one end of it, which gives it the look of a step over a mill stream.

By dropping a small stone down a rent, you hear it rebound a long time; one bending stone † serves as a shelter for sheep, where we found a mushroom, the only one we saw in the north.

\* Although I am not versed in antiquities, I cannot help thinking this fissure resembles the *Kist Vaens* of the Druids, as described by the indefatigable Grose in his preface, page 136.—I wish some antiquarian would investigate this mountain; I think his fellow labourers would be obliged to him; at any rate if he does not find sufficient to authenticate my surmise, he will have such delightful views around him, as will repay him for his trouble, and, I trust, may induce him to think he has not taken *his labour* in vain.

† May not this stone, from its bend, be a part of the *Cromlech* of the Druids?

The



The circumference, including its misshapen points, may be above a mile, and where there is any soil the grass is short and sweet: from this unfrequented summit we saw the whole of Windermere. Esthwaite water, and by Grasmere, being our point, they made a complete triangle, divided by rich pastures, &c., whilst the valley and its appendages directly under us seemed to contain every thing that can be beautiful in miniature.

We overlooked the Tarn from whence White-churn Gill has its source, inclosed in a heath horseshoe, whose sides were most brilliantly bespangled with smooth stones, occasioned by a thin sheet of water oozing over them, and an almost perpendicular fun.

We observed over Helvellyn and the Grain of Seat Sandal, a torrent of rain,  
whilst

whilst over Bowness and to the S. East it was collecting so partially the distance gave them the appearance of water spouts: we imagined we had nothing to fear from any of them; it was clear over us; and in the quarter from whence the wind blew, the guide had scarcely said so, ere we observed the clouds from Seat Sandal pushing against the wind, though they were considerably exhausted on those mountains: we were soon convinced of our ill judging, and took shelter in the sheep cove, which, by bending, held us secure: this was too confined a situation, and as the rain had somewhat ceased, the guide and I went about one hundred and fifty yards down the hill:—the rain again came on and wet me to the skin, but we were amply repaid by the most luminous sight I ever beheld.—I shall attempt to describe it—The sun shone with such brilliancy through slanting drops, they looked like a line of chrystal as round as a finger,

finger, and there was a spray intermixed variegated as the rainbow. Newton, who has been all his life accustomed to mountains, says he never saw any thing like it before : might not it be owing to the dark heath over the Tarn, and a partial shining of the sun upon the Crag ?

Too much rain had fallen to render the grafs less slippery ; we were obliged to traverse down the hill with the utmost caution, and if not with the difficulty of the ascent with considerably more danger : when we opened Seat Sandal we were surpris'd by a *superb cataract*, occasioned by the rain which fell whilst we were upon the summit.

I could not help expecting and wishing we should have had a thunder storm.

Let

Let the considerate mind contemplate on  
the various fights presented to us in so short  
a space.

CHAP. XVI.

Constance—The old man—Isabella to visit it.  
—Robert—The old Constance's wife.  
Constance—Sheep—A spring—Robert's  
certain—King's Deceit—Robert's Constance  
—He sets up a Constance—Copper Works—  
State of the—A Village—Aristo to visit  
it—A young man's dream, and funeral—  
The mirror to show things as they are—  
Constance—The old man—Isabella to visit it.  
Constance—Sheep—A spring—Robert's  
certain—King's Deceit—Robert's Constance  
—He sets up a Constance—Copper Works—  
State of the—A Village—Aristo to visit  
it—A young man's dream, and funeral—  
The mirror to show things as they are—  
Constance—The old man—Isabella to visit it.

But the proposal is not intended we were  
to pass the night, but the day was  
to end, we set off to Constance, and  
in the place where we were to stay.

CHAP.



## CHAP. XVI.

*Conistone Lake—Reasons for thinking a Man  
a Guide—The old Man—Impulse to visit it  
—Repent—The old Gentleman's mossy  
Cloathing—Sheep—A Spring—Views dis-  
cernible—Easy Descent—Leven's Cascade  
—Walk up a Casemate—Copper Works—  
Slate Quarry—A Volcano—Afraid to visit  
it—A young Man attempts, and swoons—  
His Manner to avoid being laughed at—  
Superstition—Full a Match for Robin Par-  
tridge's—Ghosts—Whistling a Charm a-  
gainst them.*

BY my proposal it was intended we were to pass an idle morning, but the day was so fine, we set off to Conistone Lake, purposing to take Hawkeshead on our return.

We

We passed round the head of Windermere, and ascended many brows, seeing mountains we did not know, and recollecting others we had visited; we had likewise an irregular sight of Esthwaite water. The road is chiefly bounded by heath, and you catch many pleasing views, which cannot help striking which way soever you turn.

From a purpled hill, at the head of Conistone Lake, you have a full view of it; the borders are well wooded, but they have not that liveliness of pasture which adorns Windermere.

Whilst we were making observations, a man in his harvest dress, with a pair of handsome spectacles on, (an unusual sight for one in his station) seated himself by us, and we were soon convinced, by certain shrewd remarks, he wished to officiate as guide. On

pointing to a high mountain, named, the Old Man, symptoms appeared of wishing to go up it, and we did not stop to hesitate, but we had the precaution to take some brandy, and at one o'clock began the arduous task.

I often repented, during two hours toil, and was almost inclined to give up, but that would have disgraced my former bravadoes. My companion kept the start of me, and when I reached the summit, he was placing stones on three heaps, called the *Old Man*, his *Wife*, and *Son*, where there had once been a beacon. As soon as I was somewhat recovered, and had time to look about me, I was charmed to find the Old Gentleman crowned with the deepest moss I had ever trod upon, and that he could boast of a head beautifully sweeping about half a mile in length, and a quarter in breadth, rising in one part like the

the bosom of a great wave. Numbers of sheep were gamboling about as if they were inclined to shew their superior agility. We soon came to a bulging spring; I knelt down and drank copiously of as soft and cool water as I ever tasted, and I did not forget the whole race of human beings around me; however, I had the precaution to prepare my stomach for the luxurious beverage, by a gulph of brandy.

The day was rather unfavourable, but we had sometimes extensive views, and a fine sight of the sea beyond Lancaster, in which quarter the Heavens were the most favourable, but we were not so lucky as to see Scotland and the Isle of Man, which are sometimes very visible. We counted a dozen pieces of water, most of them on the summit of hills. The guide pointed to a pond considerably above the level of the sea, in which char in full roe have been



put; the old ones are grown lank and poor, but the breed are small and sweet flavoured. Another pond is full of ill-tasted trout and perch, so badly supplied with food from the upper hills, they always bite greedily. We were in the clouds, which were flying at the swiftest rate I ever saw—almost as swift as thought.

We went the length of the height, and descended on the same front; and although steep, it was perfectly safe, from the depth of moss. About one third of the way we came to a deep tarn, called Leven's Water, which occasions an enchanting water-fall, and supplies the copper works with water. When we reached the embouchure of the fall I got upon a rock, and have the pleasure of expressing what I felt:—It rushes out with such force it gives a bow of water an elevation of twenty degrees, then spreads down the rocks; to the right of  
the

the mouth, there is a point against which it dashes in vain, and numbers of *chrystal balls* are forced over it, which made me think (if I may be allowed the expression) of a *Liliputian* bombardment.

I had the curiosity to go two hundred yards up a funnel half leg deep in water, expecting it was a copper mine; in this I was disappointed; there was but one Cyclops at work, and he was about a communication they are making to the other side of the brook to draw off the obstructing waters from the mine; he shewed us some copper, mingled with the rock, but it is not worth the expence of separating.

The mine is at present rather barren, but this mountain has been so productive, they do not doubt meeting success; they already get sufficient to keep some men at work. We went lower, where they pulverised it,

and by different processes were preparing it for smelting, which is carried on in a country better supplied with coal, and more convenient for navigation.

Our excursion was performed in four hours and a half, and by a little after nine we were again at head quarters.

There are several slate quarries upon this mountain ; I looked in at one near the summit ; there is a gallery to it, and it is arched like an immense Gothic roof.

A copper-mine, in Elizabeth's days, was worked by Government, and which produced great profit. The guide pointed to a part where there has been a *volcano*, and offered to take us to the mouth of it ; he shewed us some honeycomb-lava he had got from it ; we had too much labour before us, or it was too hazardous for me to under-

undertake. He told us of a little gentleman that went up with him last year, who boasted that he could venture up any precipice; but before they reached the mouth his head gave way, and he fainted; he had much toil and danger in dragging him down, and when they had got to a safe part, he bribed him not to expose him to his party, who were given to understand he performed the arduous task, particularly (if I recollect right) as the guide gave him a piece of lava to keep as a trophy of his boldness.

I am told Conistone Lake deserves more attention than we had time to pay to it. — Chreighton, the guide, is a self-taught scholar, and will want few hints to give you a copious account of every thing in his neighbourhood; he said something about his being a descendant of a noble family in Scotland, and seemed inclined to be very



*diffuse* in speaking of great people; but as it was not for us to trouble our heads about them, we passed them quickly over.

One story of credulity, and which I dare say half the people believe, is of an old man who became rich, his neighbours know not how; though some say he had a copper mine in the mountain; he was often desired to tell how he got his riches, and one fatal evening he told them *the devil* assisted him in getting his copper; the next time he went up the hill he was found torn to pieces.

People in these remote parts tell such kind of stories very gravely, and there is hardly an old barn that has not had a ghost in some shape or other; but as we never hear of any one being frightened out of his senses, they are very *harmless* kind of ghosts, and you have no reason to be afraid of them;

as

as these aërials generally perform their fantastics at night, *whistling* is the charm; and when a man approaches a place famous for their haunts, he increases his *lillebulara* powers.

## CHAP. XVII.

*A Peep into Troutbeck Dale—All descriptive,  
if you don't chuse to read it, let it alone—  
But take a Walk to it, and if you meet the  
same pretty Girl and obliging Person we  
did, so much the better.*

WE went round a hanging wood, passed the bottom of it, then turned up a lane, which gave a noble command of the Rydal hills; ascending about four hundred yards we see Dove Nest, and, for the first time, observe it has turreted wings; a little higher we crossed a double trunked ash, and had a view of the lake, comprehending Belle Island; onwards Croft House appeared in virgin neatness, under shade of a hill that was soon to cover it from us.—

We

We then advanced about a mile, which brought us to the only gate across the lane, and by looking over the wall, have a bold view of Calgarth, beautified by woods on each side a new-making avenue, with a winding canal to Windermere. It is from this spot we have a most enchanting command, and I will venture to think the *truest* sight of the lake. Belle Isle house, as an object, is entirely lost, and appears, since we know its *scite*, the largest tree on the island. The left presents us with sloping hills, terminating by a table mountain: peeping under the oak boughs, to the right, we just take in the *cap* of our yesterday's friend, the Old Man.

We proceeded over the vale of Troutbeck, where Judge Wilson's modest mansion, the church and the village, became pretty objects. The vale is quiet and in-

te-



interesting, with a brook running through it, well supplied with sweet trout.

Being at a loss how to proceed, we inquired from a pretty girl what turning we were to take. She told us to go up any lane to the left, and we must cross over some stone walls, and that she was going after some sheep, and should *keep an eye* after us, to see if we kept the right road. This rustic civility was rendered useless, by our meeting a well-dressed person, that said he was going to Ambleside, and offered to take us a pleasant round.

We returned by the Troutbeck Hundred, and had a full view of the lake, a table hill, and a sight of Millenthorp Sands. We wound above Dove Nest, in the separation between High Wood and Low, and had a comprehensive sight of the Rathay, winding into the lake, with Ballam tarn over

over some high wood that divides it from the head of Windermere.

## CHAP. XVIII.

Such was our morning's excursion of three hours and a half.

As we have seen most of the distant views about this neighbourhood, we got up early, and went to a castle a little more than the hour. After going through the inn yard, we ascended along the steep banks of a brook. The first part of the ascent was towards the three fairs as in our way is more interesting than any we have hitherto met, even being partially over-banging trees, and a rocky, volcanic island, which separates the

## CHAP.

upper

## CHAP. XVIII.

## AMBLESIDE WATERFALL.

*A Copy of Verses introduced to shew you I am no despicable Poet; but as Poetry is a Drug, turn to the next Leaf, and you will find I got a bad Tumble, with Advice to guard against such Disasters.*

AS we have seen most of the distant views about this neighbourhood, we got up early, and went to a cascade a little mile from the house. After going through the inn yard, we ascended along the steep banks of a brook. The first sight of the cascade comprehends the three parts as in one; it is more interesting than any we have hitherto seen, from being partially hid by over-hanging trees, and a rocky, yet verdant, island, which separates the

upper fall, and makes two distinct *flashes*, meeting at a point of the island in a basin.

Advance one hundred yards, and seat yourself (if you can look down a small precipice) in an oak that juts over it, which is safe, from being guarded by many trunks bound with ivy. 'Twas here I recollected some verses I once wrote under a Banian tree\*, that reminded me of the sterling oak.

\* A tree so fond of itself, it takes root from its branches, and in time becomes a monstrous size. This tree was in DUM DUM gardens, in the vicinity of Calcutta, near an annual encampment of as fine a body of men, with some as pleasant and good officers, as ever served their country.

ON



ON CONSTANCY\*.

When kindred hearts together join,  
 And like the oak and ivy twine,  
 'How blest the happy pair!  
 But should the oak receive a wound,  
 Is not the tendril ivy found  
 To feel an equal share?  
 Such hearts as these with union feelings glow,  
 And turnings, tremble at—or joy—or woe,

THE SIMILE.

The oak is man in firmness drest,  
 With strength of fondness in his breast,  
 Delighting in the tie!  
 The ivy is the gentle wife  
 That clings around his happy life  
 With deathless constancy:  
 In LIFE she does her folding joys impart,  
 In DEATH she withers round the sapless HEART,

\* See Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1788.

But to return; here you divide the island, and when you are sufficiently lulled, cast your eyes downwards, and you will see the mountain ash shewing its red berries amidst variegated verdure; on reaching the head of it, you will observe some large stones, and which occasion the division: the hanging island has an enchanting effect, and I think looks more interesting than the old bridge at the lowest fall at Rydal, because one is the effect of *chance*, and the other of *order*. Let not the *flying* traveller think it too laborious to walk up to this enchanting island.

And you, ye fair! that cannot venture upon mountains, tread cautiously by the side of this musical rivulet, and you will be repaid by too impressive a sight ever to leave your memory, and which is calculated to remind you of the *softest* moments of your life.

The

The stones were so wet and slippery, I got a clumsy tumble; I mention this, as it was the first time I went out without a stick, and I would advise those who go up hills to have one.

## CHAP. XIX.

*The Westons—A Song to rock a Cradle by—  
 Hawkeshead—An Epitaph calculated to  
 remind us of the Instability of human Life  
 —School Boys, a noble Sight—Cheapness  
 of Boarding—A good School—A Debt of  
 Honour—A pastoral Dinner—People who  
 live so—Fine Stocks for fine Children—The  
 Rathay and the Brathay—Haymakers at  
 Dinner.*

AFTER giving the waterfall we have just seen considerably the preference to the others, we set off to Hawkeshead, which commands Esthwaite water; we crossed two fine old bridges over the Rathay and the Brathay, separating Westmoreland from Lancashire; the first river has two arches

K

over



over it, and runs strong; the last is facing a good house, where the infamous Gilberts, alias Westons, concealed themselves, so noted for their robberies and forgeries, and since executed. These bad men had the knack of gaining the regard of the poor people, kept most excellent horses, and hunted with the neighbouring gentlemen. The Brathay has an island near the bridge, and has a mill-pond appearance until it glides towards Windermere, joining the Rathay, and making a handsome entrance into the lake: we then went the upper road until we came to a poor cottage, where a girl was rocking a cradle; I asked her to give me some whey. — “ I’ll *gi bur sum*, “ if you’ll *rok th’ cradle a bit* ;” — a task I readily undertook, to the tune of “ *Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.*”

We very soon came to Belmont, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Braithwait, which is a  
very

very handsome house, and the grounds about it are well laid out :—we counted in one field fifty turkies, including two or three broods; and the land seems to have a good farmer for its owner : he has a sweet view of Eastwaite Water, the white-washed town of Hawkeshead, and the church.—The hills around are small, but well variegated.

The town of Hawkeshead has a good market place, and it is endowed with a free school, with upwards of one hundred boys : we went into the church yard, and saw Belmont in fine view, and overlooked the lake ; the beauty of the church is much enhanced by being white and having a row of windows over the first roof, a contrast with the blue slating that has a picturesque effect : after viewing the church, which is not remarkable for cleanliness, I took down the following epitaph :

K 2

“ To

“ To the Memory of  
 “ Robert Benfon, and Sarah his wife,  
 “ of this parish.

“ He died 19th Feb. 1750, aged 90 years.

“ She died 16th Nov. 1769, aged 97.

“ They had four sons and six daughters  
 “ that lived to be men and women ; of  
 “ whom seven attended their mother to  
 “ the grave, whose ages made together  
 “ 450 years. Their son John, late of  
 “ London, merchant, caused this plate to  
 “ be erected.”

Of the seven who attended their mother's funeral there is only one remaining, and she is between eighty and ninety. This lesson of longevity and mortality is finely calculated to remind us of the *instability* of human life.

The school boys were in clusters on the hill, whose ruddy cheeks prove the health-  
 fulness

fulness of the situation ; I cannot conceive a more pleasing sight than these young heroes made ; amongst the number was a youth we had seen (all life ! ) at Levens : he seemed to have a tear of recollection : as this was the first day after holidays, and the sight of us reminded him of his friends, it was not to be wondered at :—but to show you what a charming creature nature is, we did not say ten words to him at Levens ; but as he had seen us in a place he liked, we became *a part* of it, and he remained close to us as long as he could.—If Lavater had seen this boy in the two lights we did, he would have said, he has the *life* of a boy of spirit tempered with *sensibility*.

There are many boarding houses for the boys, and, including washing, the expences do not exceed fourteen pounds a year ; the head master has the credit of sending out



some most excellent scholars; and was expected home this day, from the perambulations he usually takes during vacation time.

On our return we took the lowest and the nearest road, but we went a little out of our way to pay *a debt of honour* we had promised to the girl that gave us some whey. The family was at dinner, and consisted of a young couple and three children, the eldest not three years old. The cradle was still going tied by a long string to the father's chair who rocked with one hand whilst he ate with the other. They seemed to have lusty appetites; their pastoral are consisted of oat cakes, cheese and butter; their beverage butter milk and whey: when we went away, my friend overheard the wife say, "Whau dun yaw think they  
"are?" It is such stocks as these that furnish our warriors, our weavers and hus-

bandmen, and by the sweat of their brows keep it from the *idle*.—We could have sat down and partook with them, but there did not seem so much plenty as peace, and we left them with our best wishes.

Upon an old quarry, on the first common, shaped like a battery, with two embrasures, and opposite the head of Ballam Tarn, are four sloping fields full of cattle and sheep: the left gives four intersected sights of Windermere, and I dare venture to recommend it as a situation capable of showing the varied beauties of the lake: besides it is a good resting place for walkers: we have likewise low wood, and are so directly in the centre of that foliated hill, the summit resembles the Peak of Teneriffe; and Ambleside mountain shows its BIG BELLY as if it was proud of its possessions.

From Brathay bridge Loughrig Fell rises in a ridge of clumps that appear as if they were running a race until they form a point, which presents another face from the window where I am writing, well wooded and watered, and composes part of the valley that is our head quarters.—

This valley is a most refreshing sight after a fatiguing walk of six hours, without a breath of air; but even this presented something new; for when we looked down the lake every object was in reflection, and I thought it the clearest mirror I ever saw.

We were this day agreeably entertained on seeing some haymakers at dinner:—

“ the loud laughs bespoke their vacant minds,” and though they were at a considerable distance we could hear every word, echo is so distinct in these valleys: I heard one man say, “ I tell thee I

“ will

“ will *kiss* thee, *Molly*.”—“ Tha shant,”  
 was the answer ; but we saw him do it,—  
 and heard the *smack* too.

CHAP.



## CHAP. XX.

*Roman Station—A large Frog—Charity—  
Character of a good Man.*

WHILST my friend went upon Loughrig Fell, Mr. Kellett, the person who showed us civility at Troutbeck, took me towards Water head, where there has once been a Roman station \*, but which is now more usefully covered with good grafs, barley and oats : there is an old barn said to be built from the stones taken from the pavement ; the road is not more than six yards wide, until it reaches High Street, which is six miles off, upon the top of a hill ; it is then

\* No station could be better calculated for a large body of men ; at no great distance from the sea, with fresh water near the spot ; intersecting many roads, and every hill has a command over an approach to it.

near

near twelve yards broad, and continues that width a mile and a half.

I visited the causeway with respect to the once lords of it, and took up a large stone from a part made bare to ascertain its breadth; in doing this I disturbed *a large frog*, that seemed full blown with Roman pride, and I replaced its *ancient castellum*.

Roman remains are often found, and two years ago an urn full of coin was dug up.

If to-morrow turns out favourable we purpose mounting Helvellyn, and ordering a chaise to meet us, as we think it proper to enter upon a new station, with a dash that *too often* claims attention.

In leaving Ambleside, it is but justice to the neighbouring gentlemen to say the  
poor

poor speak of them with much affection : one gentleman, they say, is rather given to “ cholars ” and “ rages,” but they always like to see him in them, for he never scolds any one, but soon afterwards either gives or sends a mark of his bounty : as a poor man told us, “ Why furs ! I du naw believe “ there’s a more *generosity* mon in aw th’ “ world than he is.” They are very partial to Colonel T——, who, through life, has been remarkable for liberality of mind, and who with a small fortune does all the good he can : an instance that happened this morning will verify the rest.— My companion overheard him asking the landlord if he had room for all his hay : on his saying he had not, he told him he would give him the use of one of his barns.— When Providence bestows plentiful crops, how lucky it is to have a neighbour, who is equally considerate in time of plenty as charitable in scarcity. I would have done myself

myself the honour of paying my respects to this gentleman, in return for the attention he had formerly paid to some of my family, but it would have broke through our original plan.—If this should fall into his hands, he may recollect me from this remark. — I am one of the two persons spoken of through his neighbourhood for their long *perambulations*, and I would wish him to receive this as a proof of my knowledge of, and esteem for his character.



CHAP. XXI.

HELVELLYN.

*Full Moon—Course to Helvellyn—Difficult Undertaking—Views—Violent Thirst—A Tarn—Dissuaded from drinking—A narrow Hill—Bassenthwaite Lake.*

**I**MPATIENT for the morn, I rose between three and four, and saw we had a clear sky: the full moon was just going to drop over the very point of Loughrig Fell, and tinged all around it with solemnity: I was in the midst of the scene when my friend (always punctual to his time) sent me a candle, with notice that he was ready; I did not permit him to wait long, and before four o'clock we set off.

We

We began our course by Rydal Hall, guided by Robin Partridge, and as we surmounted the first hills, we took advantage of the morning to exert ourselves: we did not see the sun rise, but observed with pleasure its side influence at a distance; we passed the long chain until we came to Fairfield, which composes that *grand* crescent every person upon Windermere looks up to with such respect; in the rear of it is Flinty Grove, in Deep-dale Head, where we look down into the entrance of Patterdale, and over the champaign part of Westmoreland, including a large part of Cumberland.

Angle tarn, famous for fish, cuts the centre of the mountains before us, and, though but small, is deserving of note. The grove takes its name from small flints, and appears as if it had never produced one blade  
of

of verdure, whilst its neighbour, St. Sunday Crag, is a bold mossy contrast.

At one time we saw seven pieces of water, and from the tide coming in on the Lancaster sands, we had many salt-water lakes terminated by the western sea, which looked blue, far as the eye could reach, and throws all the lakes in the world out of sight; for wherever *the ocean* is to be seen, the eye imperceptibly rests upon it, and I dare say if a man was in a contemplative mood, and had an opportunity of seeing fine land prospects on one side and the sea on the other, he would forsake substance for surface: with such intuition does the mind dwell upon an expanse of water, skirted by the horizon.

At a quarter past seven, after a tight tug, we reached a mountain that would make a fine race course: we then steeply descended

to

to a tarn half a mile below us, and had a bird's-eye view of Grasmere, at the same time looking over Helm Crag, which has a ferruginous appearance: as we descended towards the tarn, we judged it to be an amazing depth, as it is very dark, and hid in three mountains headed by Seat Sandal. When we came to it, I was with difficulty dissuaded from drinking, I had such an ungovernable thirst upon me—*I looked—and longed—but conquered.*

We then clambered to a heap of stones upon Grisdale Pike, or as it is called by the country people, in remembrance of some rustic fun, DOLLY WAGGON PIKE; and I may venture to say she has a more commanding prospect than any Dolly in the kingdom: to the west immense mountains that hide the vale of Borrowdale, showing three lakes and the sea bounding them: to the east fleecy clouds are rolling

L                      about



about the hills, and she appears (from our situation) the head of a delightful valley and of Ullswater; plainly showing us Gowborough Park, Dunmallart Head, and the outlet of the lake.

We are in the midst of sharp whirlwinds, which rustle up the dry moss, and by lifting up the skirts of my coat, have given some fine coolers to my back.

On Whelp Side we see Bassenthwaite lake; and after declining in order to ascend the S. East flank of Helvellyn, a hill, a mile long, extends to the east, so narrow you might sit across any part of the ridge.—The clouds are flying before the wind, and reflect their shadows so fantastically that beggars what we admired when on Windermere. But, as we have had a hard march, I will close this chapter.

## CHAP. XXII.

## HELVELLYN.

*Helvellyn Man—Differently named—Liberty taken by the Author out of Compliment to the Duke of Norfolk—A slight Sketch of his Character—Appearance of Ullswater Lake from Helvellyn—Descent to a Spring—Our extreme Joy—A Copy of Verses.*

AT half past nine we reached Helvellyn Man, the highest point of this famous mountain: as many hills and particular parts of mountains have different names, according to the whim of separate villages or the shapes they appear in to them, and as the summit of Helvellyn has several, I would not wish to be thought officious, if I should call the highest point NORFOLK POINT,

in honour of the noble Duke who has been upon it: you may not only overlook many hundred acres of his property, but you have a great command over a country through which his benevolence is unbounded.—It is not so much from his exalted rank as his familiar manners that he has gained the inestimable love of the people; he speaks to every one he meets, and he takes as much pleasure in calling at a cottage as the proud man does in a palace:—make enquiry from the first man, woman, or child you meet in the North, and if your heart values the great in proportion as they are good, you will be proud of your noble countrymen.

The view gets more hazy; still the magnificence around us is beyond description. MOUNTAINS towering above hills, as if they were parents of numerous families, and Helvellyn in the centre of them.—Skid-

dow is below us to the North. *Crofs Fell* is large enough to be visible from an exalted summit, and is only exceeded by *Ingleborough* in Yorkshire, which holds her crowned head amidst a chain of hills, and seems from her height deserving of her royal appearance.

Old Man is just in sight, and Old Friends deserve not to be forgotten.—Place Fell cuts off a branch of Ullswater, and makes the shape of the lake resemble *a pair of breeches*, inlaid with pasturage about the Old Church as rich as nature and industry can make it.

Just under us is Red tarn, shaped like a Bury pear: if I had but a draught of it, it would be worth all the fruit in the world, for my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth.



Ravens are croaking, and the wind, which did not blow when I began to write, is coming on in flurries.

We took a sweep, and, descending about two hundred yards, came to a charming spring, with many sheep about it, surrounded by a small plot of the liveliest verdure: we will suppose they hold their conventions here, and they flew at our approach.

None but those who know the joy of meeting a spring when it is not expected, can conceive my feelings when I *found* myself seated in the wet grass; I would instantly have swallowed a quantity, but my friend, with the assistance of prudence, reminded me I had half a manchet in my pocket, which I steeped, and feasted somewhat in the same manner that Gil Blas and the strolling player have handed down to us:—when I had eat my bread, I closed my mouth with the beverage, and saw, whilst

whilst my head was *squeezed under the herbage*, how *eagerly* I enjoyed the limpid draught.

The following verses\* were begun upon Helvellyn, and since finished in remembrance of the refreshment received from the spring, visited August 2d, 1792. The reader will be disappointed if he expects any of the *fine-spun thoughts* of fashionable poetry; they are plain verses, that will tell you the progress of our laborious walk, and they may perhaps fatigue you; but recollect they may not be less poetical if they do, for they are upon a *fatiguing* subject.

\* See the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1792.

I.

THE full-orb'd moon o'er Loughrig\* Fell  
 Ting'd the rough crag with golden *spell*  
 At the approach of morn ;  
 No clouds the lofty cliffs o'erhung,  
 No breath of wind refreshing fung  
 Through the upstanding corn.

II.

O'er mountains high, to valleys deep,  
 And higher still, and still more steep,  
 We brushed the early dew.  
 Toil wet the brow ; the beauties round  
 Lessen'd the labour of the ground,  
 And spurr'd us to pursue.

III.

Beneath our feet, upon a hill,  
 We saw the parent of a gill  
 Entomb'd in mountains drear.  
 My Mentor urg'd me to go on—  
 “ *Leave, leave the tempting draught alone,*  
 “ *For danger lurketh there !* ”

\* The head of Ambleside valley from the Salutation  
 inn.

Again

IV.

Again we toil'd—a steep ascent\*  
Made me with parched tongue repent

I had not DAR'D to try.  
The choice was past—yet through the toil  
The eye was pleasur'd all the while,  
And cover'd many a sigh.

V.

Ye *Naiads* of the brooks so gay,  
That on the crystal surface play  
Invisible to all;  
When you retire beneath the deep,  
May you in peaceful caverns sleep,  
Lull'd by the cataract's fall!

VI.

Or if on airy wing you fly,  
Attend the *cleaving*, thirsty sigh,  
To mountains bend your way;  
Exert your powers, and from below  
Enforce some hidden fount to flow  
T' assuage the heat of day.

\* Grisdale Pike,

Helvellyn's



VII.

Helvellyn's height at last we gain'd,  
 And, panting for relief, remain'd  
     To mark th' extension round;  
 Then down with lighter pace we bent;  
 A SPRING!—the clearest Heav'n e'er sent—  
     I kiss'd the moisten'd ground.

VIII.

*Eager* I drew the cooling stream,  
 And all fatigue was gone—a dream!  
     Helvellyn's praise to sing:  
 Thy carpet was the liveliest green,  
 Thy sheep the swiftest I have seen,  
     All owing to thy spring.

IX.

Thy prospects are beyond compare;  
 Mountains, and dales, and hills appear,  
     And ocean bounds the whole;  
 Thy bubbling was the sweetest sound  
 That ever tinkled o'er the ground  
     To lull th' enraptur'd soul.

Nearest

X.

Nearest to Heaven \*!—unrivall'd flow;  
 May torrents ne'er deface thy brow,  
     No season dry thy course!  
 May all thy sheep untroubled live,  
 And man the limpid draught receive  
     At thy enliv'ning source!  
 Then shall bold man Helvellyn's views make known;  
 Refresh'd by thee—on Skiddow's height look down.]

\* I believe the highest spring in England,

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

HELVELLYN.

*Vanity on overlooking six Mountains—Mossy  
Sheathing giving Way—Rolling Stones  
down Helvellyn—Caution in the Descent—  
Wyburn Lake—A Sheep Birth—A grand  
Canopy—A hearty Breakfast—And a  
chatty old Woman.*

THE six magnificent mountains we looked up to, with such admiration when we went to Patterdale, were under Helvellyn, and the idea struck me that I was their superior.

Great part of the mossy sheathing is either washed away by torrents of rain, or disrobed by whirlwinds—perhaps by both,  
and

and I should not wonder if it would soon be bare, for when a rent is once made, it must give way.

On a part near the summit, where there has (I think) been a watch tower, we tried the experiment of rolling stones down a precipice; many have been delighted in tumbling them down young hills; they may therefore imagine a large stone bouncing off with a great bow, then dashing from side to side of an indented ragged *syke*\*, until it jumped upon a heap of stones, or hopped into the valley.

After our luxurious banquet, we descended progressively, until we came to another range, which was steep and unpleasant, being covered with loose stones, we could not trust to: we then came to that rise which is only seen from the high road, and

\* Parts that separate hills, or indented by torrents.

which



which is often supposed the top of the mountain: here we opened upon the peaceful view of Wyburn, beautiful though unadorned with trees: its crooked-sided lake, from the darkness of its colour, must be very deep. I rested upon a snug sheep birth, which was a little treasure to me, for we were obliged to traverse with the utmost caution, the ground was so hard and steep; and although I was master of my resolution, I would not whilst descending have looked at any thing but my feet, for all the prospects in the universe\*.

However between ten and eleven we found ourselves in the high road, and tript  
lightly

\* Partridge, who acts as *guide*, as *boots*, *postilion*, and *boatman*, at the Salutation Inn, might have brought us down an easier descent; but as he had been out with a chaise all night, he was perhaps induced, from fatigue, to take us the nearest way; we never rested five  
minutes

lightly to the Cherry Tree ; I have always remarked, that, after descending a steep mountain, I feel lighter and walk brisker than my usual best pace.—We were to the westward of the opening of Seat Sandal, a *canopy* I have mentioned more than once before, and which must always be deserving of remembrance, particularly as I now leave it (perhaps) for the last time.

The public house is half way between Ambleside and Keswick, and they gave us a breakfast fit for labouring men ; we had mutton ham, eggs, butter milk, whey,

minutes that he did not fall asleep and gave us a little nasal music, and which hindered me noting so fully as I wished to have done. I think it proper to give this caution, that future *ramblers* may make choice of which road they please. As to honest Partridge, he meant no wrong, for he is so bold a mountaineer, he can go any where that a sheep can ; and I dare say thinks every person can do the same.

tea,

tea, bread and butter, and they asked us if we chose to have any cheese, all for seven pence a piece. Don't imagine, good reader, that we gluttonized, we did not forget our repast upon Helvellyn—however we did *our duty* at this second breakfast.—Two grandmothers were in the kitchen, one was employed in nursing, the other in toasting bread and butter, and the landlady in spreading out the table. One of the old women was between eighty and ninety, and said she had seen sixteen landlords out in a house that wished to oppose them:—she was a chatty old lady, and, as both my friend and I wished to give free scope to every one we spoke to, she had the clack of her sex, and the privilege of years to say what she pleased; she performed both parts of *questions* and *answers*, and told us she had been a pretty shepherdess in her time, and that she had been too often upon Skiddow in her youth to be ill in her old age.

I men-

I mention these to make known how healthful and cheery they live under the Cherry Tree. I think a chatty old woman, when she is not too much upon the diffusive, is a most cheerful companion, and ought to command a respectful hearing.

N. B. We concluded this morning walk was very near thirty miles along a range of hills; for although we rose up some of them flow, we could not help sometimes descending very fast; and from the point where we began to mount Rydal Hill, to the part of the road where we descended, was nine miles upon a level; we had above a mile to return to the Cherry Tree, which lengthened our time to above seven hours.



## CHAP. XXIV.

## KESWICK.

*Road to Keswick—Keswick Fair—Once famous for Leather—Reasons for its Decay—Mirth replaces Profit.*

THE road along Wyburn lake is pleasant; there are three neat bridges over small grass plot islands, which were set off to advantage from a group of cattle grazing upon them, and spreading in the *ebb* water around them: the overhanging rocks are often grand, and the road being good we spanked along. Two miles farther we saw the head of a gill flowing from Legerthwaite tarn; it was buried about one hundred yards, came out with the force of water from a steam engine, and we then

lost it again; we once saw it in five separations: there was a shady hill on the opposite side of the road whose dark brow looked refreshed from the life the waterfall gave the scene.

This road is well variegated, and we stopped two miles from Kewick to take a kind of leave of Helvellyn, though we knew we were to see it again; at the same time we had a sight of Skiddow; these mountains towering over all around them, seemed to challenge each other for pre-eminence, and the decision might be on either side, from a view of them.

The hedges as you approach the town are singularly pretty, and the woodbine was charmingly entwined. The vale of Kewick is rich, but too broad and extensive for landscape; as we approached the town it looks neat, and the church, which

is separated from it, is a handsome double roofed one. When we entered, it was their annual fair; there were but few booths, and those mostly for *gew-gaws*: it was once a considerable market for leather, and within these ten years there used to be ten or a dozen waggon loads of that staple; but a market has been established at Settle in Yorkshire, that has destroyed their trade, and there is not this day one skin to be sold; however there is a disposition to recollect it, for a fiddle is twanging in every ale house, and they seem determined to make up in mirth what is wanting in profit.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXV.

*Crosthwaite's Museum—Refinement in little  
Vagrants—Description of the Play House  
—Their Music—A full House—Reasons  
for leaving it—Awoke by Dancing—A  
blind Fidler.*

WE went in the afternoon to see Crosthwaite's museum, and entered to the music of one of his new invented *Æolian* harps; he showed us several other specimens of his mechanical talents, and perhaps he possesses some valuable curiosities:—we were so pleased with his apparent *naïveté* of manners and desire to oblige, we purchased his plan of the lakes, and I found it very useful. I would recommend strangers to drop a shilling (*at least*) at the museum:—in rainy weather it must be a good morning



lounge.---As to the little quarrels amongst the VIRTUOSOS of the town, travellers should pay no attention to them, but encourage merit wherever they find it; for in little states as well as great ones “ doctors will disagree.”

When you leave the museum a hand organ strikes up, and he never sees any of his customers pass the house without a tune of acknowledgement; I think we got about six. You will easily find out where he lives for in his handbills he says it is “ the largest “ house in town,” and he has glasses in every direction to show him people repassing in the street.

We afterwards walked to the head of the lake to judge what we had in the future to expect; some children troubled us by asking for money and uselessly running before us to open a gate; we gave one of the boys  
a pen-

a penny, and because one half-penny was a bad one, he asked us to change it; this *refinement* of beggary in the young vagrant hindered us from afterwards countenancing them, and they ceased to trouble us.

In the evening we went to see the Mercant of Venice in an unroofed house; the sky was visible through niches of boards laid across the upper beams; the walls were decorated or rather hid with cast-off scenes which showed in many places a rough unplastered stone. Some of the actors performed very well, and some very middling; their poverty shall stop the pen of criticism, and their endeavours were well expressed by their motto—"TO PLEASE." Between the acts, a boy, seated upon an old rush chair in one corner of the stage, struck up a *scrape* of a fiddle; by his dress, which was once a livery, we suppose he was servant of all work, and had belonged to the

manager in better days. But I must do Shylock the justice to say, he performed well; and although no person bawled out "this is the Jew that Shakespeare drew," when he was expressing his satisfaction at Antonio's misfortunes, a little girl in the gallery roared, "O MAMMY! MAMMY! what a sad wicked fellar that man is."—The house was as full as it could possibly cram, and my friend counted but *thirty six shilling's* worth of spectators in the pit, at eighteen pence a head, including a young child that squealed a second to the Crowdero of the house; perhaps as the actors were so near the audience it was frightened by Shylock's terrific look; whilst I remained not even the "Hush a be babby" of its mother had any effect. I found it so extremely hot, and I felt some knees press so hard upon my back, against a piece of curtain that composed the separation of pit and gallery I soon took my departure, and enjoyed

enjoyed a walk to the head of Windermere; the moon was in splendour, and had just escaped out of a cloud that had really a terrific look:—Skiddow and the hills to the right were buried in blackness, and there was an easterly breeze which seemed to assist the moon in getting the better of her fable enemies

I had not been long in bed before I was awake by the sound of a fiddle from the next ale house, and by most violent dancing to it: I threw up my window with a determination to be pleased with what kept me awake. Applause and laughter attended every dancer; the instrument was continually going; but with all my endeavours I could but make out one tune; and although I never heard any thing like it before, it is still buzzing in my head. As to music, what signified music? such dancing as theirs wanted but little to induce  
the



the heel and toe to beat time to each other, and they were determined to *wear* leather, if they could not sell it. Whilst I am writing a blind fiddler is reeling by the inn, and, as well as I can make out, is playing Lady Coventry's Minuet, with his own variations.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXVI.

## DERWENTER LAKE.

*Went upon the Lake—A bottom Wind—Effect on the Boat—Floating Island—Silver Hill—Beautiful Compass of the Lake—Its Clearness—Lowdore Water Fall—Wild Fruit—Curly-headed Children.*

WE had Hutton's boat, and sailed round Pocklington's island, which is decorated with St. Mary's church, built as an object; a boat house in imitation of a Westmoreland chapel—a fort, and a decent porter's lodge. The house seems more calculated for viewing the various prospects around it, than setting them off: and it would appear to greater advantage if it was white-washed; but it is now seldom inhabited, and  
the

the *novelty* of a regatta is evaporated. At Portinscale there is another house belonging to the same owner, pleasantly situated, but the wings have such a mouse-trap look it is a disfigured object.

The wind was southerly, and although very moderate, the lake was violently agitated by what is called a bottom wind, which occasioned such confusion upon the surface, we were obliged to keep so close in land, one of the oars often touched ground; in many places it was popping, as I have seen when a strong current opposes a strong wind; and in others the waves were high, and covered with breakers. The guide was afraid to venture in the middle of the lake, as he said it would be dangerous; this I could hardly think; but it might have been laborious, as we had only two oars to an unwieldy boat, and

and we might have got a ducking from the spray.

I understand it often wears this appearance a day or two previous to a storm; and when it is violently agitated at the bottom, an island arises and remains upon the surface some time; when it last came up, it was split in the middle, and the guide sailed through it. The grass and the moss are as green as a meadow, and soon become consistent; there are very few people in the neighbourhood that have not been upon it.

We passed all the islands, and opened upon a retired bay, which presented us with Silver Hill, a house built in the cottage style, and from not attempting at finery, has an interesting appearance; but I think it would look more in character if it was roofed with thatch instead of blue slating.



ting. The owner of it, who is one of your *great* farmers, has made a road along the side of the mountain, leading from Keswick to Buttermere, to induce the country people to prefer it to a lower one they have always been accustomed to ; but they are either afraid of being blown into the lake in rough weather, or are so fond of the old path, they are returned to it again, and the new one is a defacement to the hill.

Opposite is Barrow Cascade hall, a third uninhabited house, belonging to the same owner, who farms a good deal. This gentleman's land may be known by handsome gates, and the initials of his name in wood, that reaches from the top to the bottom of them. The summer-house, and a water fall, shewing its foam through the trees, have a pleasing effect ; the house, too, would look well if the wings were raised,

or

or if it was without them, and if there was a door in front.

Here it is one mile and a half across, and comprehends an almost circular piece of water, which, as a lake, far surpasses any part of Windermere.

We made a crescent to the outlet, and found it margined by thick reeds, and the clearest water I ever saw, showing at a great depth its green bottom. We landed near a public house, and walked up to a ruinous mill at the foot of Lowdore water fall; it must be a tremendous cataract after rain; but the weather has been so long fair, we were only left to judge from the unruly stones which reach to the summit, and which must have been left by torrents; it looks as if it was difficult to ascend, but I am told it is not. Two perpendicular rocks are centinels, and though the one to the  
right

right appears as tall as the opposite, we are so deceived from situation it is not half the height. As you descend from these rocks, step aside, and you may find, as we did, the largest wild strawberries I ever eat, and innumerable raspberries; after a delicious taste, we met three children hand in hand, with heads as rough as curls could make them; I gave each of them a half-penny, and without being able to distinguish whether they were boys or girls, they threw their little *poles* at me.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXVII.

## DERWENTER LAKE.

*Bowdore Stone—And many others forced from their Parent—Scope for Botany—Barrowdale—Ascend Castle Crag—Interior Richness of Barrowdale—Wad Mine—Herbert's Island—A Reflection on it—The Lady Derwentwater's Escape—Manager's Speech on having a thin House—A short Account of him.*

WE proceeded into the entrance of Barrowdale, and came near the unadorned, but picturesque, village of Grange. Huge and mishapen rocks were overhanging the road; on the breaking up of a frost, points of them are accustomed to give

N

way,



way, and we saw many smooth places from whence they were forced. Roots of old oak, hard as the rock, and in some parts seemingly engrafted in it, had a striking effect, and the whole was a grand assemblage of the sublime.—One piece, named “BOWDORE STONE,” which just skirts the road, demands being spoken of, and one should think would have required an earthquake to have removed it. It is many hundred thousand tons weight, and has fallen in so nice a manner, it seems in equilibrium: a small oak and ash grow in little niches where you cannot see any soil:—the time of separation from its parent rock is unknown; Hutton has remembered it twenty years, and does not think the trees grown. A shepherd has built a loose wall on both sides to fold his sheep, or I am told it would resemble the keel of a large ship.

Two

Two hundred yards before we came to Bowdore Stone we saw an old crooked hawthorn grow out of an old crooked oak; and at some distance beyond it, an ash out of the holly. I mention these engraftments because I believe they are occasioned either by the wind, or by birds conveying berries, and are not the studied experiment of man.

Those who have a taste for Botany must be well repaid by scrutinizing the moss and plants, with which this neighbourhood abounds, they may wander away a few hours with much pleasure, and collect many things worth carrying away.

As we advanced farther into Barrowdale we saw several of the quarry men taking advantage of the dinner hour to wash themselves; we mounted Castle Crag up a steep zig-zag of loose pieces of blue slate, until

we came within a hundred and fifty yards of the top, and which gave a good view of the vale and its mountains, Eagle Crag\*, Bull Mountain† and others equally ragged. Upon reviewing the lake the agitation had ceased. We saw the island; the house skirted our right, Crosthwaite church the left, and while we were admiring them, the sun darted out, and showed the whole in such fair character, Keswick and its vales were plainly seen, and Skiddow for the first time appeared a back ground distance:—not expecting this grand luminary, it was a most enchanting surprise. Curiosity ought to have led us to the summit, for it

\* From the eagle frequently building upon it.

† The person who farms the land, which includes this mountain, is obliged to keep a bull for the use of the valley; the echo is so loud he makes himself mad very soon; and I believe it is now compromised.

has

has once been a Roman station, but we are told it is now scarce discernible : there has been too many slate quarries upon the crag to preserve antiquities, for miners are not inclined to pay much attention to them, if there are any stones that can be otherwise useful.

After feasting over the natural beauties around us, we entered farther into Barrowdale\* ; the mountains form a grand amphitheatre, yet neither so magnificent or pleasing as the one around Rydal : these mountains are rich in internal wealth.—  
The house-hold inhabitants farm their own

\* In the year 1745, all the farmers that could, drove their cattle into this valley as a safety against the rebel forces, and which was a noble supply for their favourite Duke ; the days of incursions are imprinted on the minds of the people about the lakes, and the rebel army entered in a part of England where they had the most rooted enemies,



estates, and the working men mostly get their bread in lead mines or slate quarries. It is here the only *wad mine*\* in the kingdom is, and which has been occasionally worked and closed since the days of Elizabeth: now they are afraid the vein is exhausted, and they are after a retrieving search. In days of its splendour, as much as was wanted for general consumption, was soon procured, and then it was sealed up; however, they have a large stock in reserve. The proprietors are still cautious in admitting any one to see it, and the workmen are examined before they leave off work.

The guide told us he heard one of the workmen affirm he could get the value of *one thousand pounds*'s worth in half an hour; when it is known how easily it is worked and how valuable a single pound weight is, it is to be credited.

\* Black lead.

We returned to our boat, and made a direct line to Herbert's Island, which is called after a religious hermit; the crumbled remains of his habitation is still seen, and I even think for a wordly-minded man it would be no bad occasional retreat: we walked through a long avenue of fir-trees, (take care not to tumble, the fallen fir is so slippery) and planted ourselves under the shade of some large hollies, where we enjoyed a cool retreat, and as hearty a dinner as if we had been lords of the wad mine.

I afterwards traversed the island; the trees are various, high, and open, and I returned with a blade of grass measuring six and a half feet. I then landed upon Derwent Island, the once sumptuous residence of the unfortunate Earl:—there are many stately trees, and I noticed very tall sycamores growing out of the bottom of hollies that had fallen to the saw.

You may trace the walls of the house, but the materials were used to build Kewick Town Hall, and the inn where I am writing. A farm house is built on the opposite shore where the stables once stood, and that side of the lake is forfeited to Greenwich Hospital.

I could not help giving way to a certain gloom of consideration.—I was the only person upon the island; a place once gladdened with the sound of wealth and hospitality, but, by a misguided and ill-judged cause, one of the finest properties in the kingdom was confiscated: innumerable nettles have sprung up where the mansion once stood—vagrant emblems of dissolved property, for all its once-boasted grandeur is no more!

The Earl Derwenter was much beloved, and he is handed down to the present people

ple with respect ; they had so strongly the idea his lady persuaded him to take the cause he did, she became the hatred of the country, and, to avoid the effects of it, she one evening made her escape over Walloh Crag, a very steep ascent covered with loose stones ;—It was certainly a bold attempt, but what is not an undaunted woman capable of undertaking when her mind is afloat with either *love* or *hatred* ?

We had not far to go to the pier which closed a very pleasant excursion ; my friend went to the play, but as there were no more than four people in the house, these poor itinerants were obliged to return the money, which the manager did with a dash of humour that did his acting great credit ; for it could not come from the heart.—“ Gentlemen, before I return you your money, “ I will first show you our *elegant* THEATRE.” The scene was drawn up—and the



the scene was closed—and so, good night to ye.

I had remembered the manager when he was in much better plight, and have often heard general laughter at a stroke of humour he introduced in the character of Serjeant Kite, which is not in the play;—reading the articles of war to the affrighted clowns, he added, “*Whatsoever officer or soldier shall be found guilty of building a church out of his pay, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as shall be inflicted upon him by the sentence of a court martial.*”

As I was at that time recruiting, and out of remembrance to former days, I sent for him and purchased some tickets;—his faded garb was thread bare, and two pins in *a certain part* of his dress supplied the place of buttons. I asked him some leading

ing

ing questions that made him speak about me, but I found he was rather entering too fully into my follies, and as I did not think it fair to expose myself too much before my friend, I turned the conversation. In regard to the manager I knew I was safe; fifteen year's absence has concealed my former features under the quantity that has gathered around them. When we left Keswick I returned him the tickets under my name, and I dare say he would be much surprised to find who it was that had purchased them.

## CHAP. XXVIII.

## BUTTERMERE.

*Enchanting Walk—Newland Valley—Rustic  
Civility—Two Water Falls—Mountain  
Pastures—The Village of Buttermere.*

WE intended starting between two and three in hopes of seeing the setting moon, and the rising sun upon Skiddow; we were not so fortunate, for it rained and blew hard all night, and it was fine when we went to bed: thus far the lake yesterday foreboded right. I was so vexed at this disappointment I was deservedly punished by being kept awake: however the morning is clear, and we are going to set off to Buttermere.

We

We passed along the Cockermouth road for a mile and a half, then turned towards Newland Valley, keeping a most enchanting sight of Bassenthwaite Lake, and frequently of Derwentwater, Keswick appearing to the best advantage it can be seen in : instead of keeping the road we dropt down some fine pastures, until we came to a deep brook ; the bridge had been carried away, which obliged us to go higher than the point we intended making ; however we found a ladder some good-natured farmer had laid across for general accommodation.

Before we reached the brook we saw a treble-trunked oak ; the centre trunk was hollow, (and a mountain ash grew out of it ; about two yards down it, we broke a hole with our sticks, and the ash was strong and healthy.

We



We now reached the side of the hill, and being at a loss which way to proceed, an old woman, upwards of ninety, who was keeping house whilst the family were at harvest, directed us to the head of Newland, where we stopped at a large farmhouse, and asked for some whey: they had two machines at work, (each of which could churn thirty pounds) and were making butter for salting; in an instant we had two bowls of whey and half a dozen hands offered us chairs; we were pleased in thinking every trifle interesting that so agreeably proves the active civility of these mountaineers: and who would not?

We had an easy ascent to the head of Newland, (a chaise could go up it) where there are two waterfalls upon one face of a mountain; the largest is a very fine one, and, I should think, at any time equal to Lowdore; it has now much the advantage of it:

the hills around it are covered with sheep and cattle, and as you return your eye upon the rich vale, you may see Saddle Back, and look down upon the *top* of Castle Crag: you then pass *a defilé*, and after a regular descent of two miles come suddenly upon Buttermere chapel, with a sight of its straggled village, and Crummack lake. The head mountain and two side ones are the most beautiful carpets I ever saw, particularly the right, which is covered with innumerable sheep, and, although above two miles in length and a considerable circumference, it is not defaced by one stone.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

BUTTERMERE.

*A Guide—Disagreeable Walk—Buttermere  
and Crummack Lakes—Sound of Scale-  
Force Waterfall—Its delicate Effect—Des-  
cription of it—Reasons why the Inhabitants  
don't know the Names of their Mountains  
—Natural Child—Candour of his Mother  
—Manner of supporting their Poor—Cha-  
pel and School both one—Without a Clergy-  
man—Inhabitants used to chuse their own  
—Eagles—Schoolmaster officiates as Parson  
—Their Regret at the want of one.*

AFTER ordering some dinner at a small  
ale house, we got a son of Crispin to attend  
us to the cascade ; the road we took was  
very

very uneven and boggy, with a number of beau traps: as we ascended we gained a full view of both Buttermere and Crummock lakes, separated by good land and a deep river; there are two small islands upon the latter, and at the bottom the country looks fertile; it is about two miles to the Waterfall, and we found it an uncomfortable task. But mountain troubles vanish the instant you behold the object of a walk.—My ears first caught the mellow sound, and after clambering over a rough wall, we came suddenly upon the cause of it. I was lost in admiration in one of those *vacant* delights, in which the mind thinks of nothing but what is before it, and makes you feel yourself more than man; I required a tap over the shoulder to return to mortality—I received it, and I thus feebly describe the cause of it.

Scale-Force Waterfall is two hundred feet

o

perpen-



perpendicular, except where it flushes over a small jut; the steep on both sides is covered with variety of moss, fern, ash, and oak, all fed by the constant spray and flourish in indescribable verdure; the delicacy of the effect is heightened by being in a narrow chasm, a hundred yards in the rock, before it rushes into the lower fall, at the point of which you have the grand view: clamber up the left side and look into the first basin, and, although you may be wet with the spray, you cannot help feeling the solemnity of this deep, this musical abyss, enchanting as verdure and melody, can make it; and although there has been no rain for nine days, it far exceeds any thing of the kind I ever saw, and the boasted one at Coö\* in Germany sinks below comparison.

I sup-

\* I once had the curiosity to ride over a most dreadful way to see this waterfall; we were no sooner there  
but

I suppose we saw it in the best state it could be received in; had it been after rain, it might have filled us with astonishment; but what would have become of the verdure of the sides?—the foam would have nearly covered them: as we saw it, every part was in unison with the music it created; the mind comprehended it, and car-

but men and women began by throwing dogs above the head of the fall; our party were so disgusted with it, we paid them to desist; many of the poor creatures were lame; sometimes they are lucky enough to hit against a piece of rock and are killed. Those that survive *steal* away as if they felt they were victims to the unfeeling BOORS: the K— of S— was there the year before, and they were surprised we could not be pleased with it, because he was.

The chapel was about the size of Buttermere chapel, and the *curé* told us he did not receive ten pounds a year; but I observed the inhabitants had a greediness for money, and a rudeness of manners because we could not satisfy them *all*—which do not disgrace our English mountaineers.

ried away one of the most inimitable scenes that ever enriched the fancy of man, or graced the pencil of a Moore.

On asking the guide the names of different hills, he said in this valley we call them so and so—"but other guides have gi'en  
 "um seck \* fine neames, we do naw re-  
 "collect um, bu we mun naw contradict  
 "um, as they thinken umfelves cleverer  
 "folks than we are."

We met a rosy boy with a satchel on his back; he was going to one of the householders for a stated time. The poor live amongst the farmers in proportion as they are assessed, and they are always treated like one of the family; the only pauper at present is the little alien; his mother knew her frailties too well, and was too honest to swear to a father, therefore the

\* Such.

villagers

villagers have taken the boy amongst them, and are going to send him to school.

They said with concern until a fortnight ago they have had no regular schoolmaster these two years; in short, since the period of chusing their clergyman was taken from them.

The chapel and the school serves for both purposes, and I could almost reach the roof with my head; the inhabitants time out of mind used to appoint their own clergyman, and he was generally chosen with full consent; perhaps it was the very poorest livelihood in the kingdom, even with the addition of Queen Ann's bounty; but it was a vehicle for a minor priest to get superior orders, and there never was a want of candidates: they now say they have lost their right, at any rate they are afraid to claim it, as they are more in dread



of the Great Eagle of the north than the eagles which build in their mountains ;— they think it a judgement upon them for unanimously voting *au contraire* at a contested election ; but whatever may be the reason, they are left to go to Heaven as quietly as they can ;—the schoolmaster, without being a parson, officiates as such, and a clergyman, from Lorton, the parish church, comes over about once in six weeks to administer the Sacrament, which may be the means of preserving the bounty :— in this forlorn *manner* is the service \* performed in the village of Buttermere ;— luckily it could not have happened in a village where it appears less wanted, but as good harmless people always regret the loss of a good custom, they regret it.

\* As the chapel enjoys Queen Ann's bounty, should not the Diocesan take care they have a proper pastor ? but I cannot suppose he is informed of it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

BUTTERMERE.

*Number of Families—Their Riches—Mode of paying Ale Duty, and of providing Provisions—Of procuring Surgeons for the Sick—A Rainbow—Never but one Chaise in the Valley—Sally of Buttermere.*

THE village consists of fourteen families, and some of them are rich people; that is, they may have fifty pounds a year landed property, and healthful flocks of sheep; and I can tell you we looked into a kitchen that Crispin said belonged to the richest man in the place; and I never saw furniture shine brighter in my life; to be sure it was Saturday, and that is a

polishing day in every cottage in the kingdom.

We had salt provisions and vegetables for dinner, and I do not think there was a fresh joint in the valley; the ale was home-brewed, and good, but rather too strong for our taste. If you are fond of strong ale, I must tell you Buttermere is reckoned famous for it. Wine and spirits are not sold here, and they are so far from the excise, they pay their duty by compromise, ten pence halfpenny a week; the landlady says they do not sometimes sell six penny-worth a week; but as her husband is one of the head quarry men, his companions often make amends, for her “ale is as gud as ony in aw Christendom.”

On our return we met a woman with a loaded horse; she had been to Keswick  
mar-

market, laying in meat and other necessities for herself and neighbours; this amicable custom is equalled by the following: when a person is sick, or a woman about to lay in, a horseman is sent express to Keswick or Cockermouth for a surgeon, and the neighbours send a relay of horses to expedite him.

We reached the *defilé* with a fresh breeze, but a hot sun; we were afraid we should have been much incommoded by losing the former; luckily the mountain that kept the breeze from us, likewise hid the sun; so we enjoyed a pleasant walk along a gentle descent. I mention this for information to those who may walk or ride this road, as after six in the evening it is under shade until you come to Portinscale.

When we came to the Cockermouth road, we had a rich sight of a rainbow extending



Ye travellers of the Lakes, if you visit  
this obscure place, such you will find the  
fair SALLY OF BUTTERMERE.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

SKIDDOW.

*Surmount Skiddow—Delightful Views—The  
Source of the River Cauda—Isle of Man  
—Ireland—The Sun setting in Scotland—  
Severe Cold—Dotterell.*

WE arrived at half past seven at the vicarage; and from a horse stone in the court yard, we had a noble command of Derwentwater; turn in at a gate, and you see both lakes: winding to the right, we have a complete sight of Latrigg, a mountain pasture, and we soon front most of the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, including Black Coomb in Lancashire. We overlook the grange of Barrowdale, the vales of Newland and St. John's,

John's, and to the Eastward, Burns and Thilkirk.

As we proceed up Skiddow, we see a very small spring, from which the Cauda has its rise; and as it descends, we can notice its increasing breadth, from the many stragglers it takes in. The Cauda runs with great velocity through most romantic valleys, until it passes by Carlisle; it afterwards falls into the Eden, a river that has previously received many others, and then nobly enters the Irish sea. When we reach the top, we open the crown of Ingleborough, and the range of hill to the champaign part of Northumberland; we have the Chiviot hills, and the great chain to the point of Mull in Galloway. The sun is setting over Hawthorn island, belonging to Lord Selkirk, partially tinging both coasts; and I cannot omit an opportunity of saying, it is a glorious emblem

of an union that has made two people one, and by making our interests the same, has stopped a tide of British blood, and turned our hatred into affection. By carrying the eye to the Mull of Galloway, we just see the North of Ireland, and distinctly the length of the Isle of Man.

The river Derwent runs by Cocker-mouth into the feat at Workington, both which places are very visible, likewise St. Bee's Head, above the harbour of Whitehaven, with upwards of twenty vessels under sail.

Tarn Waddling on the borders of Northumberland, from being solitary, looks well in the growing haze around it, as every little variety tends to set off the great whole. I think I have heard it is the only large piece of water in that county.

The



The sun is dropping over the Scottish hills, and at a quarter past eight is just departed to enlighten other worlds ; its last powers have made the ink red as blood. Solway Frith, though an arm of the sea, appears like an immense lake, and the Heavens have such a variety of tints, vain must be every attempt to depict them.

We were at the farthest heap of stones, covered from the East wind when I wrote the above ; the air was thin and cool, but when we took our departure, we were obliged to run over the hard surface as quick as we could, and before we were under cover from the wind, drops (not poetical) ran down our cheeks, and, saving your presence, uninvited, from my nose ; my fingers were almost benumbed ; but when we came under cover from the wind, we took time to breathe, and found the evening soft and fine.

We

We saw some Dotterels upon the summit, that let us approach within eight yards, and if I had not thrown a stone at them, I dare say we might have come near enough to have thrown "salt on their tails." They suck their food from under the small stones, under which they build their nests; and what is remarkable, they have only frequented Skiddow seven years. These birds are fat and sweet flavoured, have only three claws, a long cylindrical bill, and are rather above the size of a thrush, though coloured like one, excepting a black streak upon the head. It is with difficulty they can be forced to leave Skiddow; and when they do, they never rest long upon other mountains.

CHAP. XXXII.

*Mountains—The old Man—Skiddow—Hel-  
vellyn and Helm Crag.*

I HAVE observed all the large mountains run from S. East to N. West, and there are generally three ranges including the summit; lesser hills are as uncertain as the waves.

The prospects from the Old Man are extensive, but not so interesting as from Helvellyn or Skiddow: the ascent is tedious, from being obliged to go the greatest part of the way by short uneven zig-zags, made to convey slate from the quarries, and which tend to craze the head.—I am told when the weather is clear you may

may count twenty lakes, and the summit is not defaced by a stone; the spring will be found a pleasant consideration, and will help to lessen fatigue; but you will find yourself so very hot, you must drink with great caution; a gulp of brandy, or forcing yourself to eat, will lessen the danger; and although I drank without feeling any hurt, it is too dangerous an experiment to recommend, and I think it my duty to advise the thirsty not to imitate me.

The hills to the S. West of Skiddow looked grand from the light and shade;— we were so much above them, they resembled gigantic waves after a storm, and as we did not see Ireland, the Frith of Solway, or the Isle of Man, from any other mountain, they enhance the beauties it can boast of; nor does any of the lakes look so well from an eminence as Derwentwater, it is so charmingly indented. There is no



spring upon Skiddow ; but as the ascent is easy, it is not so much wanted : it has once had a mossy sheathing, but it is given to the whirlwinds : the want of it may perhaps be the reason of Dotterels frequenting it, and may fix a period for the speculatist to imagine when it was left bare.

The approach to Helvellyn along the Rydal hills gives a multiplicity of landscapes, showing the same mountains in various shapes : the descent is difficult, being incommoded by loose stones, small rocks, or dry hard ground ; I was obliged to press so hard against my stick, the ball of my hand was much blistered. It is more central than Skiddow, and the spring is a treasure ; perhaps the difficulty we surmounted tended to make us think it the monarch of mountains, for we certainly call it so. I believe mankind in general is inclined to feel the recollection of past duty  
more

more satisfactory than past ease, and, as I am seated quietly in my own chamber sometime after I finished my ramble, Helvellyn increases in favour every day.

Although we ascended many hills higher than Helm Crag, as it has never been visited by strangers, and the ascent is so very difficult, I think it deserves being mentioned in speaking of mountains.

Many of the mountains we journeyed over before we reached Helvellyn, and in the road to Buttermere and Patterdale were noble ones, but for want of a guide I cannot distinguish their names.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

*Castle Hill—Asbnefs Rock—Hutton the Guide  
—His Researches—His Gratitude—Kef-  
wick Bellman.*

CASTLE Hill commands both lakes, and is so near Kefwick, we would recommend those who have not time to mount Skiddow not to fail visiting it : we afterwards walked through a shady lane to Barrow Cascade, which in this dry season has much the advantage of its neighbour, the boasted Lowdore : we went round the pleasure ground, and saw some valuable oak, such as ought to cover our waste land, many hundred thousand acres of which still bear the name of Forests, without producing one tree ; I think there is much  
fatis-

satisfaction in looking at young plantations, as to future navies ; and every lover of his country ought to regret when he sees a *woodless* forest. We came out near a bridge which put us with little trouble in the way to Ashness rock ; planting ourselves under a shade, we overlook Lowdore into the gorge of Barrowdale ; a turn of the head gives the serpentine river to Grange bridge, terminating with a well-clothed clump, with rugged mountains\* overhanging it, and which we had passed over in our excursion to Buttermere.

We have the same sight of Bassenthwaite as we had from Castle Hill, with the advantage of taking in the extensive range from Walloh Crag.

\* Over one of which a young mountaineer mistook his way two months ago, and was dashed to pieces.



As we called it rather an idle morning, we went to Hutton's Museum; he has all the minerals, spars, and rocks of the mountains, and a very well chosen botanical collection: my friend added a new shilling and six-pence to his coins, which look very bright amongst the rusty Romans;—and as he said, “ would be a fine sight for “ the country people :” — the poor fellow did not know how to make amends for the little we did for him; and he told us, with tears in his eyes, “ Gentlemen, I don't “ really know how to thank you, but I'll “ tell you what I'll do—I'll send you fresh “ char, whenever you want it, as cheap as “ I get it myself.”

His merit and modesty (as far as we could judge) keep pace with each other, and he seems deserving of encouragement. He toils day and night, during the season, to serve the company, and is judiciously acquainted

quainted with Mr. West's stations, having often been with him when he fixed upon them. In winter he is either scrutinizing the hills for fossils or plants, or in bad weather following the humble business of a weaver; and what adds greatly to his merit, he never received but one quarter's schooling.

Some people have expressed themselves dissatisfied with his small house and his little museum: poor fellow, he has not money enough to make them larger; it is a very improper mode of judging;—they should recollect if he has a little museum, he has but a little fortune; and if he has a small house, he has a large family. Think thus, ye travellers, who are journeying to please yourselves; and surely a shilling will not be thrown away on Hutton's Museum. — This is the manner my friend thought, and for every thing

thing this civil man did for us, his shillings became larger pieces.

Whilst we were at his house, Crosthwaite, the bellman, went by; we were taking notice how distinctly he spoke, and were told, he has been married sixty-five years to his present wife, has had many children, apprentices\*, and servants, yet never had one death in his family.

\* Once a reputable shoe-maker.

## CHAP. XXXIV.

*The Effect of Echo on the Lake—An Irish-  
man's Account of the Lake of Killarney.*

IT was a calm evening, and Hutton took a large wall piece in his boat; we tried three discharges. The echoes answered by rushing from several hills, and then died away amidst the rocks of Barrowdale: I do not pretend to describe the vibration, nor how long it continued; if I was to say near a minute, some people might think I exaggerated, but those who have heard it on an equally fine evening would say I did not speak with justice if I did not allow it upwards of thirty seconds.

When



When we were opposite Walloh Crag, Hutton, with a shrill call, produced five distinct echoes, and they died away with the tremble of an *Æolian* harp. Let the Lake Fanciers make the experiment, and they will be amply gratified, perhaps more on this lake than on any other; the situation of the mountains, with the rough tops of some of them, are well calculated for effect, the distances being neither too great nor too confined.

I was lounging about the head of the lake waiting for my party, and saw two fishermen turning it; one was better dressed than the other, and by the motion of his right hand seemed to be abusing him; he stopped frequently, and then darted forward; curiosity induced me to go nearer, and I observed the "*Antonio*" of the other evening, and by the extended mouth of the countryman, he was taking in one of the

the finest speeches ever rehearsed;—but what must be of more consequence to the theatrical hero, they had caught many fish, and I suppose the idea of a good supper filled him with imaginary greatness.—A boat full of servants soon afterwards went jovially off: a man came running to the beach and hollowed after them to take him in: they either would not hear him, or did not chuse to mind him; he expressed his disappointment with some damns, and as I thought it was hard he should lose his opportunity, I desired him to step forward into our boat.

“ Blessings thank you now; I’ll give  
 “ you a hand at a pull of an oar if you  
 “ want one.”—I told him we were going  
 to hear the effect of echo. “ Ecchoes!—  
 “ why there is not such an eccho in all the  
 “ world as Killarney’s; it will answer you  
 “ fairly nine times.” We rowed towards

Herbert’s

Herbert's Island, and made the first discharge above Silver Hill. I asked the Irishman if he did not think it was equal to Killarney's, for it answered more than nine times?—"No, no, Sir, no! for besides the nine "times, there is the *nine answers* to it:" but he allowed when he had heard Cormorant Rocks against Walloh Crag, "By "Jasus I never heard any thing like *that* "in all my life:" and I dare venture to say as he is going over the water, Keswick's fair lake will rebound nine times nine, allowing for reverberating distance.

## CHAP. XXXV.

## OBSERVATIONS.

*Remarks and Observations previous to leaving the Lakes, which, I hope, may not be deemed intruding.*

I TRUST I may not be thought presuming by offering some general observations on leaving Keswick for a larger town, and I have deferred thus long, that I might speak with authenticity: follow me, Reader, and hear what I have to say; I am amongst a people, who are too much my superiors to have justice done them; and I declare, although I have been a tolerable great traveller, I never met so unassuming or obliging a set of human beings before; and I congratulate my country on their be-  
longing



longing to it. I will say thus far of ourselves; had we chose, we might have got introductions to the first gentlemen in the counties, but we preferred a more humble walk, and were amply repaid for it.

The inhabitants in general about these mountainous countries are not so tall or lusty as in many others; perhaps as it requires great industry to get a livelihood, the growth of their children is checked by early labour. They live to a very advanced age, and the faces of the very old are strong and healthfully marked with deep short wrinkles. The middle aged are commonly handsome; their youth are ruddy and sunburnt; their children have the faces of Cherubim, and seem to have "the milk of Dorothy" flowing purely in their veins.

They

They are not only affectionate to their parents, but friendly amongst each other; and a man \* would run a risk of his life in deep snow, in venturing over the steepest mountains to attend the funeral of a friend: they have the highest respect for the dead; perhaps to a degree bordering upon superstition; and they rather rob the living by the expence they put themselves to at a funeral; but as a livelihood, not a love of gain, is their grand consideration, they are too friendly and industrious to want, and I did not see (except the little vagrants at Keswick) one person that asked our charity.

Their food is homely; they prefer a thin oat cake to wheat bread, and they are fond of the natural products of the earth, which

\* As Robert Newton did over a mountain he had never passed before.

may be the reason of seeing a large family in every house, for we did not call at a cottage that had less than three children ;— their drink consists of butter milk and whey, and occasionally a draught of stout ale.— Spirits are seldom used to excess ; their baneful influence is almost unknown ;— they are taken as cordials, and I hope they will never make farther encroachment ; but it is dangerous to trust them ; and the Queen of Patterdale sets her subjects a bad example, and will probably soon fall a victim to an unfortunate use of them.

They are as good scholars as the Scottish Peasantry, and though the lower order of people in the South might think them their inferiors, I will be bound, they would puzzle them at *hic hæc hoc*, and in justness of observations : they are always ready to do a good turn to a stranger, and instead of expecting money for any trifling assistance,

they will take off their hats, throw their heads at you, and wish you a good day; if this example was to make its way southward, it would be of service, for their rapaciousness to strangers is a disgrace to the country. I was lately in a gentleman's phaeton, in Kent, when a piece of the harness gave way; a man, with seeming civility and good nature, lent us assistance, though it was not wanted; and when he had done, the gentleman thanked him; he threw his hat on his head, changed his civility of countenance into a frown, and said "Damn your thanks, if that's all."— I will tell you what a man in the North would have said, "Sur, con I, affist ho—" "there's no deanger—gud day to hoa."

In Kendal there are many Quakers, and about Penrith some Roman Catholics; but immediately in the villages near the lakes, they are all of the established church.



They have no Methodists or new-fangled doctrines to disturb them: I asked a man what they would do with a Methodist if he was to preach amongst them: “turn him out; we’re content with our own parson, and th’ church is large enough to houd us aw.” This was at Grasmere, and I felt much pleasure at his remark, for I dare say there is not a town in England that has not been rendered more uncomfortable in proportion as they give way to field enthusiasm. I had the curiosity in passing through Nottingham to hear a young brawny zealot, who was sprawling away a heap of nonsense to a gaping crowd under the new change in the market place; I never heard the scriptures so distorted, and I dare say there were more hearers than would attend afternoon’s service at church.

I think themselves more enlightened.

The

Is it not disgraceful that it should be allowed in a part of the town, that is under the immediate protection of the magistrates?

The clerk was a thin-gutted contrast;—the very look Weston used to put on in Doctor Last, when he returns for his shoes, with the addition of the face being more lengthened either by religion or hypocrisy: the brawler had sometimes his hand on this *curious head*, and he sometimes seemed to point to him as a sanctimonious example.

There cannot be a fairer proof of the soundness of our religion, than the harmless lives the inhabitants of the lakes live; the mountains around them not only preserve it undisturbed, but serve as barriers to keep out many follies and vices, which are afloat amongst people, that unjustly think themselves more enlightened.

The country gentlemen give the poor leave to angle in the lakes and rivers, and they often take more than supplies their families. Net fishing is farmed, and char is never caught by the hook ; this fish frequents the deepest part of the lakes, and is only found in some of them : Windermere, Conistone, and Buttermere, are the best supplied ; many are totally without, although they have communication with lakes that abound with them ; and notwithstanding Ullswater is as deep as Windermere they will not live in it. Perch, pike, and trout, are abundant every where ;—but what is a circumstance too remarkable to omit, when char quit Windermere to spawn, they go up the same neck of water with the trout, and then take to the Brathay, the trout to the Rathay.

In mowing they just cut sufficient for a family to work, as they have few hands  
and

and the weather is not to be depended upon; the mower does not bend low to his scythe, but takes a long sweep, then raises himself very erect, until the back of the scythe touches his hams. I think the motion full as graceful as that of the sailors in the Mediterranean, and it would be as much admired if it was a foreign custom instead of a North of England one. After it is mown they shake it with their hands, and as it is mostly fine grass, if the weather proves favourable it is housed the next day; sometimes carrying it home in small carts, sometimes on horseback, or wheelbarrows, or, when they have more children than money, by haycocks fastened on a man's shoulders like a knapsack: they then proceed upon another plot, and are indefatigable until it is dark, which does not always put a period to their labour.



The woods, which add greatly to the witchcraft of the country, and to the wealth of their owners, are cut down in about fourteen years; so you may observe the progressive growth, beginning on the second year with a head as curly as the Africans; these copses are beautified with various trees, and with one I never saw in the South, the round-leaved alder, which serves to make wooden shoes, not such as were worn in France, that pinched so severely in days of despotism; nor yet such as are so extended at this period of their unbridled licentiousness, but such as are well calculated for an industrious people to trudge dry shod through marshy grounds, and by way of making them last longer they bind them with plates of iron.

Nuts and apples are this year scarce, and the fruit was in general small and ill tasted; but even if they were as good as they could

could be, you would be made welcome; for they never put themselves to the trouble of having a garden lock. Their fuel consists of peat and turf; the smell is uncomfortable to those unaccustomed to it; but it occasions such a cloud of smoak, it looks well from a neat cottage with a contrast of wood and water near it.

Grouse is not so plentiful as it used to be; the countrymen say it is owing to the strictness of the land owners, as there are more birds of prey than formerly, and which are greater poachers and lamb destroyers than man. A certain sum is given for every eagle or raven that is killed; this is a dangerous undertaking, for they are obliged to be let over the mountains by ropes, and the eagle fights hard in defence of its nest\*, nor could it be taken if the

\* There are never more than two eggs in an eagle's nest, and one is generally addled.

man was not to cover himself with wool to entangle the claws.

There are very few small birds; these tit-bits are soon destroyed by the number of becks and claws which are after them;—those we did see seemed afraid to show themselves, and burrowed in the thick foliage; but I did not hear one songster during the tour, except a lonesome lark in Buttermere, and that was but for a minute. Crispin, the guide, said they had many of them in the spring, and spoke as if he thought there had not been any in the southern parts of England, in short, out of his own valley, where all his ideas seem to be concentrated.

The high roads are in general excellent, and the commons are well supplied with finger posts; a road once made will last a long while; the first expence is heavy,  
but

but they are not much burthened by after-repairs, or the traveller by turnpikes.

I do not think His Majesty has more loyal subjects in his dominions, and if MR. PITT should cast a look upon this humble production, I have the satisfaction of telling him, the proclamation was upon all the church doors, and they looked as clean as the day they were put up, except that we could sometimes trace the mark of a finger that had conned it over. But why need I mention this? I make no doubt he already knows it, for I saw Mr.—— who was once one of his private secretaries, in a small town making remarks upon a droll sporting sign, and of course every thing he saw which was of national consequence, would get to *head quarters* at last.

CHAP.



## CHAP. XXXVI.

*The Road to Penrith—The Beacon—Rich  
Country—The Borderers—The Castle.*

AS we ascended the hill towards Penrith, *idly* seated in a chaise, we took a parting sight of the Lake, and I even thought the house on the island looked well. We then passed along the vale of Thelkirk, with several miles of delightful prospects and good road, until we came upon an extensive common, famous for dreariness and large flocks of geese; as we had been regaled for some time with variety, I thought it a good opportunity to enjoy the pleasures of retrospection, and I was again amidst the scenes I had left. I was brushing the

morn-

morning dew, and returning at evening with my mind *full* of the day—I was attending echo with its best effects—I was laughing at the Irishman—and enjoying a bowl of whey in a cottage, a confounded jolt awoke me from my reverie. By degrees, a fine country opened, and at the twelfth mile stone we saw the hospitable roof of Greystock Castle: the land kept improving, and corn fields began to show their yellow heads; tall ash trees kept the sun from us, and at twelve we entered Penrith, on a market day, which is rendered more busy from the Bishop of Carlisle holding a visitation and confirmation.

Penrith is a handsome town; many of the houses are built of a reddish stone; it would be a great improvement if they would pull down their shambles, and some

old

old houses which disgrace an otherwise good market place.

I went in the afternoon upon the Beacon, and had a fine champaign country all around me, with waving corn upon it, as thick as in any part of England. I had no person with me to describe the different views, but I could observe this hill was well situated to overlook the incursions made by the borderers in days of discord; and to give signals to the many castles scattered about, in order to make a *sortie* upon them, or for the people to retire to when the enemy was too powerful.

I felt with satisfaction the rich fields, far as the eye could reach, would not only supply the inhabitants with bread, but produce a granary that could furnish an extent of country with that divine gift.

I saw part of Ullswater, and many of the mountains we had left. As it is a very easy ascent, do not fail going upon it: the sides are beautifully purpled; and there are several quarries of red stone, from which they have built the church. I then crossed the Eamont, and walked to the castle, a ruin in its last stage; it has been encircled by a ditch, with two draw-bridges, and is said to have been built by Henry the Sixth, and was the residence, for a short time, of Richard the Third;—it is dilapidating very fast. The rude hands of Ignorance and Rapaciousness have been more destructive to it than Time, and, ere long, the site will only remain. The mind has a certain feel of sorrow in seeing the poor foundation of a once-noble castle that has been torn asunder; and the owner of such property degrades himself that permits it to be used for park walls, barns,

or



or modern houses. It is from such false taste that our grandest ruins have been hurried to decay, and the reverence we owe to our ancestors has been lessened.

## CHAP. XXXVII.

*The Church—Ravages of the Plague—Ancient Stones in the Church Yard—Vulgar Opinion about them—Respect for the Grave of an old Woman.*

ON the morrow, an old gentleman, near eighty, who was churchwarden when the Scotch went through in 1745, amused us with many stories of that day; they had made a deep impression, and are of course often repeated. He civilly went with me into the church, which was rebuilt early in this century, except the steeple, which is the ancient one.

I wrote down the following account, from a stone near the communion table,

R

of

of the numbers that perished by the plague  
in 1598.

In Penrith 2260.

Kendal 2500.

Richmond 2200.

Carlisle 1196.

There is a bounding stone in the country, where provisions were daily left for the sufferers.

Penrith must have been considerably more populous than it is at present, for it does not contain more inhabitants than what perished by that dreadful scourge. The church is handsome, and the lower pillars are composed of single stones,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards in height; some of the windows have remnants of paintings, that were taken from the old ones; and there are two plain brass chandeliers, with inscriptions  
round

round them, mentioning they are the gift of the Duke of Portland, in remembrance of the loyalty of the town in 1745.

In the church yard there are two pyramidal stones, about four yards asunder, with four odd-shaped ones in the separation, all of them of hard stone, except one, which is the red stone, and from being softer, is reduced to half the size of the others: you may just distinguish remnants of hieroglyphics on one of them: and as one stone is shaped something like the back of a boar, and as this country was in the midst of a forest, it may be the monument of a man famous for destroying them. I could get no intelligence of its antiquity; vulgar opinion speaks of it as the burial place of an extraordinary sized man, and the separation is meant for his height. I asked several people about it, and I found every one had a mysterious opinion of his



own ; but as the wonderful makes the easiest impressions on vacant minds, his antediluvian size has many favourers. However, induced by curiosity, they have lately dug to the depth of six yards, without meeting any trace to reward the research.

There is likewise a single stone as ancient as the others. I left these obscure *antiques*, and found, not far from them, a brass plate against the church, near the grave of Alice Atkinson, aged 112 ; and I felt more respect in treading over her remains, than upon the others, which probably contain no other proof of antiquity than what is above ground.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

## ULLSWATER.

*Ullswater Lake—First Arm of it—Singular  
Preservation of a Man and his Horse—  
Martindale Valley and Fells—Famous for  
the Wild Stag—Grand Appearance of  
Helvellyn—Gowborough Park—Deer,  
Cattle, &c.*

WE took a chaise to Ullswater to accommodate our obliging old gentleman, and had a charming ride by the banks of the Eamont. We passed through Mr. Haffel's park, in front of a handsome stone house; on opening the right wing, the garden has a striking effect; the grounds are irregular, and have an excellent

in Dunmallart Head; we rounded the bottom of this hill, still beautiful though despoiled of many trees; it is so regularly cut down, it reminded me of the shaved heads of the Hindoos; it was once a Roman station, as I make no doubt every hill was in this part of the country that is at the entrance of a valley; but the numbers of works carried on upon them centuries ago have obliterated every trace of them.

We procured a boat, and I will begin by our setting off. The low hills to the right were covered with sheep and cattle, that were lashing their sides on the summit, and the sky seen under their bellies gives a beautiful and delineating shape of them: neat houses were scattered along the banks. The left looks naked, but variegated with some cottages, and the green *reward* of their labour around them:

these

these are overtopped by steep fells. When you reach the first arm Swarth Fell appears rugged and steep: this mountain will always be remembered by the providential escape of the father of the present Mr. Haffel; being in a fox chase on its summit, his eagerness threw him into a situation that rendered it impossible for him to return; he, therefore, dismounted, and pressed as close as possible to his horse; thus supporting each other through this perilous stage, they arrived safe at the bottom, in presence of many spectators, and where no person was ever known before or since to have descended; — the horse is remembered as well as the man; and “WHITE STOCKINGS” was permitted to range the rest of her life, with the best fodder and attention a grateful master could bestow upon her.



Opposite to Swarth Fell there is a farm house upon the site of an old church, the ground about it being the rich elbow I admired when upon Helvellyn. From the line of wildness on your left you open the lively vale of Martindale, whose fells are famous for the wild stag. In Water Nook we fired a small cannon, and heard an echo, which might have been tolerable if we had not been upon Keswick Lake. We then made Gowborough Park \* an object, whose plain and fides were full of deer; innumerable cattle were on the borders of the lake, and cooling themselves in it.

We had a superb view of Helvellyn, rearing his broad shoulders over many hills. The mind cannot conceive a more solemn

\* Gowborough Park consisting of eighteen hundred acres, and stocked with upwards of six hundred head of deer,

fight,

fight, and the imagination would be too much stretched, if you was not to turn your head to the vale of Martindale, which is as *smiling* as verdure can make it.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXXIX.

## ULLSWATER.

*Lyulph's Tower—Duke of N——k—Style  
of Living there—The Cascade—Shape of  
the Lake—King Arthur's round Table—  
A modern Shrubbery—Why Ullswater  
Lake exceeds the others.*

WE landed near Lyulph's Tower, whose rugged walls so suitably answer the scenes around it. I must again mention the Duke of N——k; for when here he never uses chairs, but wooden forms, and has a long hospitable board for a table. The four towers have fine prospects from them; but I was sorry to see the rain had committed great depredation, ow-

ing to the rugged building of the walls, or perhaps because it was done by contract.

We ascended to the waterfall through a thick wood that hangs along the path, until you come to a bridge that might have *grown* in its situation. After speaking of the incomparable Scale Force, I did not intend saying more of cascades; but this, though sparing of water, is only exceeded by the pride of Buttermere. The bridge, the road, the feat, every thing that art has added, appear as if they were formed by nature.

I crossed the opposite brow, and looked into the basin that receives the water from a diminutive fall. I then bent my way to within a mile of the spot where I had made remarks from the Ambleside journey; I could here see the formation of the  
lake,



lake, with the three islands; and I had a good peep into Patterdale.

Ullswater is shaped like the letter Z made by a bad penman: when we saw it from Helvellyn the top arm was not visible, which occasioned its looking like a pair of breeches.

We re-embarked at four, after trying another discharge. I dare say it would have had a fine effect, had the day been sufficiently calm: the rushes from Place Fell were loud, but the wind took away the departing sound. Clouds were gathering on the head mountains, and as we left them under a fresh sail, they were softened by the distance. After we came to the old church the farm was a neat object, and we had a cheerful sight of Dunmallart Head.

We

We returned to Penrith on the village side of the Eamont, along narrow shaded lanes, until we came to Eamont Bridge, near which is a plot of ground called King Arthur's Round Table\*, a place where tournaments, in days of chivalry, are traditioned by the country people to have been held; the two approaches from whence we will suppose the champions entered the list are still visible, and you may mark out accommodations for the spectators. According to my idea of those *extravagancies*, they could not possibly exceed the representation of them at the Hay Market; at least so I thought; and I care not if I in-

\* Rapin, in his encomium upon Arthur, page 39,  
 " He is said to have instituted the ORDER OF THE  
 " KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE, so famous in  
 " romances. Though this institution has given occa-  
 " sion for many fabulous relations, it is not therefore  
 " to be deemed altogether chimerical."

fringe upon the laws of chivalry by the comparifon.

In the evening we went with the good old gentleman into the shrubbery, and though fo old, he walked ftoutly to the laft—I forget the name of the place. Afh feems to thrive particularly well; one tree is the ftraighteft I ever faw. You have good commanding views—you fee a caftle built by the Countefs of Pembroke—Penrith caftle, and Helvellyn heights—the river winds through the grounds broad and clear, with a mill beautified into an object. I was glad to get out of the shrubbery, for shrubberies are plentiful in the fouth, and my head was too full of mountains, lakes, and vallies, to wifh to be interrupted by the moft perfect pleafure ground in the world: I am not yet far enough from the wild fcenes of Nature to be pleafed with any thing that is ftudied.

Much

Much as I admired the other lakes, I cannot help giving preference to Ullswater: every arm presents new beauties — HELVELLYN — the interior mountains — the village and plain of Patterdale — Place Fell — the islands — the tower — Gowborough Park — the vale of Martindale — the rough mountains, and the fertile ones — Dunmalt Head — YES ! — every house from Water Milloch to the poorest cottage appears in proper place, and do not displease the eye by attempts at finery ; and there is a chasteness about the whole that makes it the choicest gift of Nature I ever saw.



## CHAP. XL.

*Leave Penrith — Carpet Manufactory — A  
Collection of Timber — Of Haystacks —  
Knipe Scarr — Vale and Village of Bamp-  
ton — Hawswater Lake — Bampton Free  
School — A Village School a good Nursery  
for Morals — Druidical Stones at Shap —  
The Abbey — The Conclusion — A Copy of  
Verses.*

**L**LEFT Penrith to go to Shap; sent forward the carriage whilst we went to look at a regular-built village, which is but thinly inhabited; many of the houses are unfinished, and there were cattle in some of them. We afterwards walked to a carpet manufactory under the inspection of Mr. Broom; it is beautiful in the extreme in point of colouring and the thickness of the  
work,

work, and is an honour to the patroniser not only for the workmanship, but for the employment given to many orphans taken from the Foundling Hospital; however, he has a large *stock* in hand, and one would think he is making a present of it to Father TIME, it has been so long in his warehouses.

We proceeded through Lowther Park; the house was burnt down I believe in the late Lord's time: there is a considerable deposit of timber intended to be used in the rebuilding of it, and which was buried many years under ground, but is now thatched over. Opposite there are the greatest quantity and the largest haystacks I ever saw, and some of these looked respectable from age.

On Knipe Scarr there are plantations of thick pines conspicuous through the coun-

try; it overlooks the vale and village of Bampton, a valley beautifully scattered with farm houses. We then followed the road to Rose-Gill Head, where we have a softened view of the vale, and a pleasant sight of Hawswater: as well as I can judge, (for we had only a fish-pond sight of it) it is surrounded by woody hills, and rich meadows overtopped by fells. After the water has left the lake it forms a bold cascade at Thornthwaite Mill, and then runs by the town.

The Free School of Bampton not only gives education to the neighbours, but has produced men who have been conspicuous in the world. Bishop Gibson and Judge Wilson received the rudiments of their education here, and several whom we may rank amongst our London merchants, and if not in as exalted, in as useful and honourable

nourable a line of life as any our country can boast of.

A good school in a quiet valley is well calculated to engraft the most salutary impressions on a young mind; uncontaminated by bad example, he has only to attend to good, for every one around him is almost as innocent as himself, or, what approaches near to it, whatever is bad is discountenanced.

When he has laid in his little stock, which generally consists of just enough of Latin to make him understand English grammatically, a thorough knowledge of accounts, and writing a good hand, he is qualified to be of service to a merchant and to himself: he learns that industry is a perpetual recommendation; and from not having a sufficiency of fortune to be idle,



(even was he inclined to it) his perseverance paves the way to future success.

When he arrives in London he has a *rough polish*—(if I may be allowed the expression) — the roughness is the dialect, which gradually loses its harshness, and in proportion as you value the man wears quite away. *The polish* is a sound-principled education, which can never be obliterated: it not only serves as a check to youthful faults, but is the Mentor which hinders them from growing into habits, and the pilot that restores the erring mind to its village rectitude.

Numbers of Druidical stones (or, as some people say, in honour of Danish heroes) are scattered about Shap; they are different from the mother stone\* of the

\* Granite,

neighbour-

neighbourhood, yet they seem too large to have been brought by art, and too careless on the surface to have been formed there. It is said many of them were broken up to build Shap Abbey in 1158, which is, in its turn, dismantled to build paltry houses. Part of the steeple, with trees upon it that have withered with age, and cells under the once body of the abbey, are the only remains of this ruin: it has been shamefully dismantled. A fine stream runs near it, and the ground produces sweet grass, and hay that is all fragrance !

The fathers of old always chose fertile situations, which gives us the liberty of thinking they were full as fond of feasting as of fasting.

In our evening walk we passed a man who was driving his cart towards Bampton, and we asked him what names they  
 2 called

called these stones\* by, and how they came there?—He stared, and asked “What dun yaw want t’kno for?”—I dare say this answer was occasioned by evening fears, especially as he was to go by a barn that has always been the reputed haunt of ghosts, and which I believe is never passed in the day without a thought of them.

The next morning I arose with the hopes of getting a place in the mail coach, as I had sent in the evening to Penrith to take one—it was full—and as I could not *comprise* myself in the compass of a letter, I grasped my sturdy hazle, made my baggage a present of a ride, shook my friend by the hand, and instantly set off. I gave half an hour’s contemplation to the Druids, and, in the confusion of ideas about their Crom-

\* “The Devil’s Stepping Stones” by the country people.

lehs, Kistvaens, and sacred woods, a copy of verses came into my head that I wrote near a Pagan ruin in the East Indies, and which I shall insert after this chapter; but as I have seen the last lake, and have parted from the friend who was wont to cheer me when fatigued, and approve of my descriptions, I have only to say that I reached Kendal after a solitary walk, whence, as I commenced the northern part of my ramble, *I take my departure.*

WRITTEN



WRITTEN AT THE BUNGALOW OF S. W. N.; NEAR A  
PAGAN RUIN IN BENGAL IN 1784, AND AD-  
DRESSED TO HIM. HE WAS MY FIRST SCHOOL-  
FELLOW, AND MY CONSTANT FRIEND.

"IT is not good for man to be alone ;"  
Come, then, and make with me the world your own ;  
In soft retirement taste the learned page,  
And live with all the great of ev'ry age! —

From Spenser's Fairy verses learn to scan  
The various passions in the mind of man,  
As he will teach the true poetic strain ;  
Take pensive Shenstone, and with him complain ;  
Or Hagley's Lord, who never wrote one thought  
" A dying man could ever wish to blot."

Descriptive Thomson and kind Nature view,  
With sweetest Shakespeare, and wild Cowley too ;  
Soft flowing Waller richly wrote to please ;  
Take pointed Swift, and learn to be at ease :  
Informing Pope, in varied greatness drest,  
He wrote the most, and yet he wrote the best !  
Take heav'n-taught Milton!—meditating Young,  
And fly with Dryden in his rapid song ;  
Take melting Mason—elegiac Gray,  
And " catch" the manners from " the gentle Gay ;"

Read

Read roving Lee, tumultuously refin'd,  
 Who wrote with such strong energy of mind ;  
 Emphatic Otway !—and the great disown  
 The Muses' fav'rite—but the Muse alone ;  
 With Savage mourn, and with his writings glow—  
 His birth, his life, his death, were full of woe !  
 With luckless Falconer, too, scud o'er the deep—  
 Weep o'er the tale, and for his mem'ry weep.  
 Take Hudibras, the lasher of his time,  
 Whose sterling verse appears in doggrel rhyme.  
 Laugh with gay Sterne—in genuine language great—  
 Thoughtless, yet blest with sentiment and wit ;  
 Take learned Addison, and be improv'd—  
 Lov'd by his friends, and by the Muses lov'd ;  
 Mild mitred Hurd, high station'd 'midst the best,  
 With ev'ry virtue that adorns the breast ;  
 Take modern Cowley, crown'd with living bays,  
 The first of Fancy's children in our days ;  
 The Muses' Seward, that befriending maid,  
 And studious Barbauld, who can well persuade ;  
 Take them—the Three !—their charming sex's boast,  
 And as we love, we must applaud them most.  
 In sweet retirement make all these your own—  
 'Tis thus, my friend, man never is alone.

IN PRAISE OF RETIREMENT.

I.

HAIL sweet Retirement!—Meditation hail!  
 On mountains high, or in responsive vale,  
 Where no rude voice o'erpow'rs the varied song,  
 But echo trembles to the tuneful throng:  
 Or by the rivulet's pellucid stream;  
 Or near some monument of Pagan fame,  
 Where ancient deeds in mould'ring ruins lie,  
 And strike with grandeur the attentive eye——  
 Hail sweet Retirement!

II.

When early songsters, on melodious spray,  
 Salute the opening splendour of the day;  
 Or, when protected from the noon-tide heat,  
 Beneath the umbrage of some dun retreat;  
 Or when the moon expels the womb of night,  
 Or shine the stars innumeraably bright,  
 Frankly we would our inmost thoughts unbend  
 With thee, my first companion and my friend,  
 In sweet Retirement!

Oh!

III.

Oh! that our future years of life could be  
 Near that FAM'D town that blest our infancy;  
 And if not there, on the same happy shore,  
 How pleasant to retrace past periods o'er!  
 And if each had a lov'd and loving wife,  
 Those dear solacers of declining life,  
 How pleasant to retrace past periods o'er,  
 And retrospect what well we knew before,  
 In sweet Retirement!

THE END.

H.



III.

Oh! that our future years of life could be  
Near this time, a bliss our infancy;  
And if not there, happy there,  
How pleasant to retire to  
And if each had a loving wife,  
Those best solacers of declining life,  
How pleasant to retire with her,  
And to be as when we were young,  
In sweet Retirement!



